

MARCH

NO. 22

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THE CLOCK



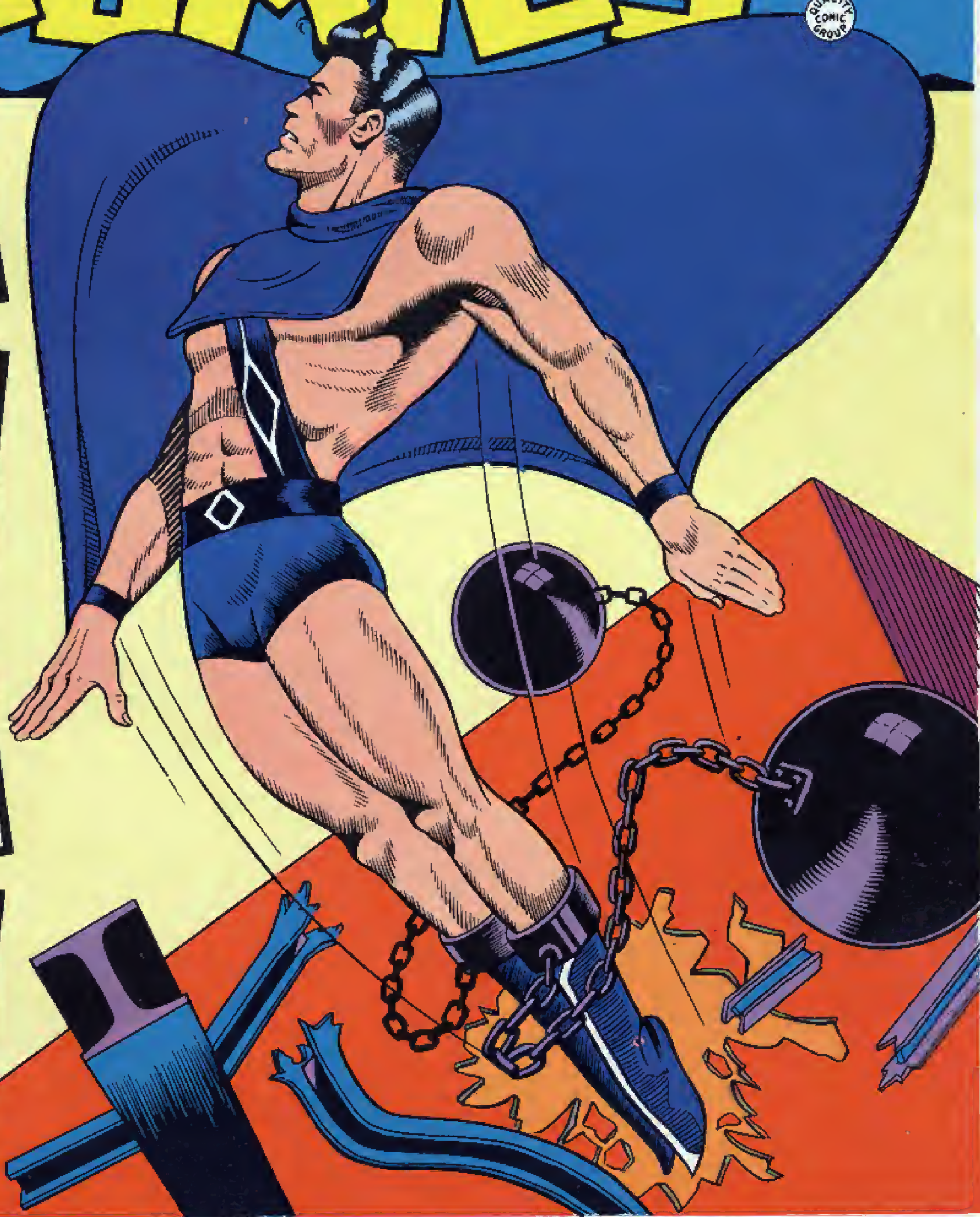
JANE ARDEN



ALIAS THE SPIDER



SPITFIRE





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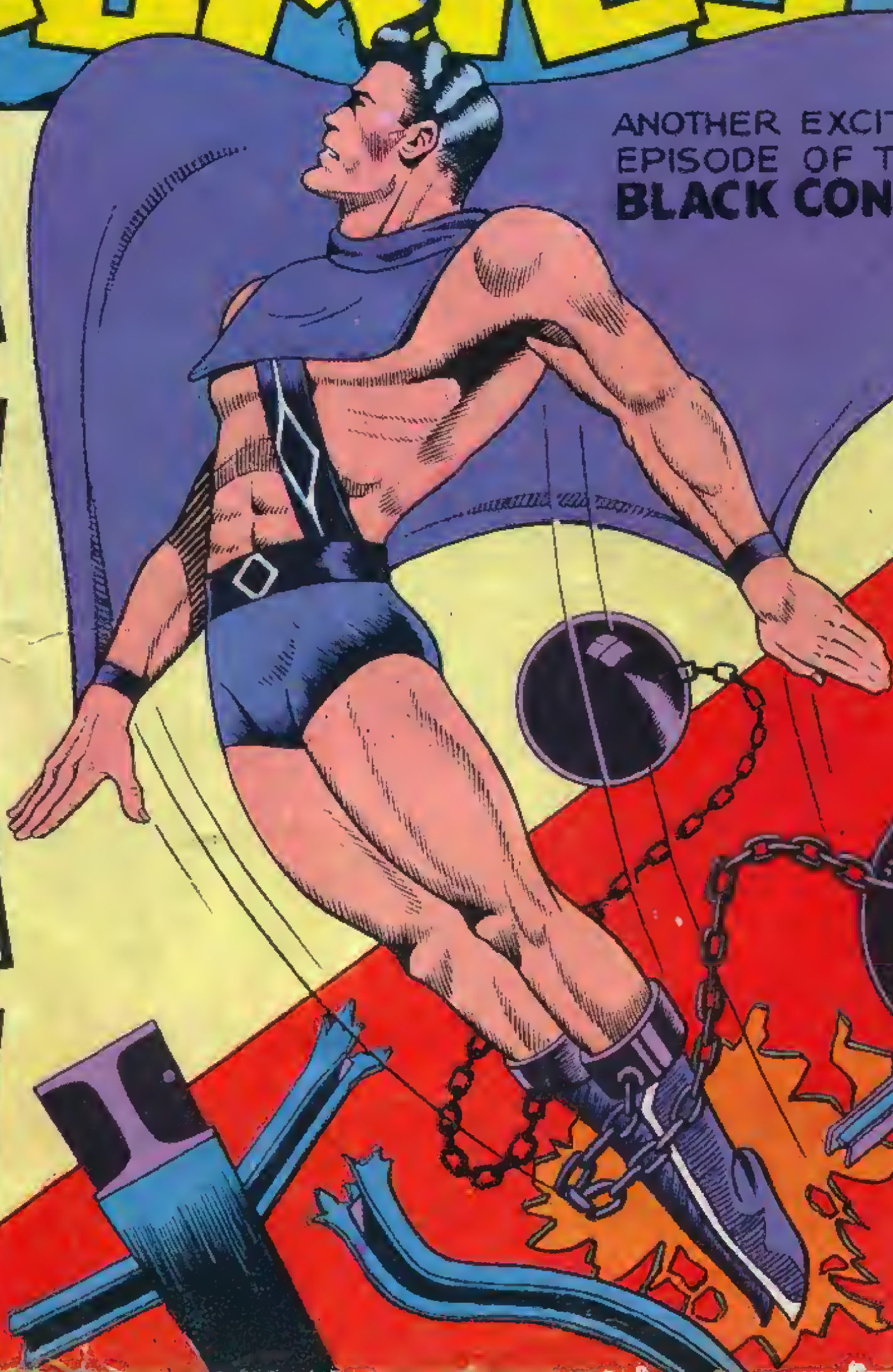
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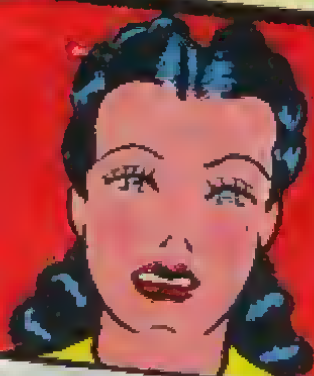
COMICS

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

ANOTHER EXCITING
EPISODE OF THE
BLACK CONDOR



THE CLOCK



JANE ARDEN



ALIAS THE SPIDER



SPITFIRE

QUALITY COMIC GROUP

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THE BLACK CONDOR

By Louis K. Fine

HAS NATURE SIGNED A PACT WITH DEATH TO DESTROY THE DEFENSE EFFORTS OF AMERICA? THE BLACK CONDOR, IN THE ROLE OF THE LATE SENATOR TOM WRIGHT'S DOUBLE, FIGHTS THE ELEMENTS TO FIND OUT.

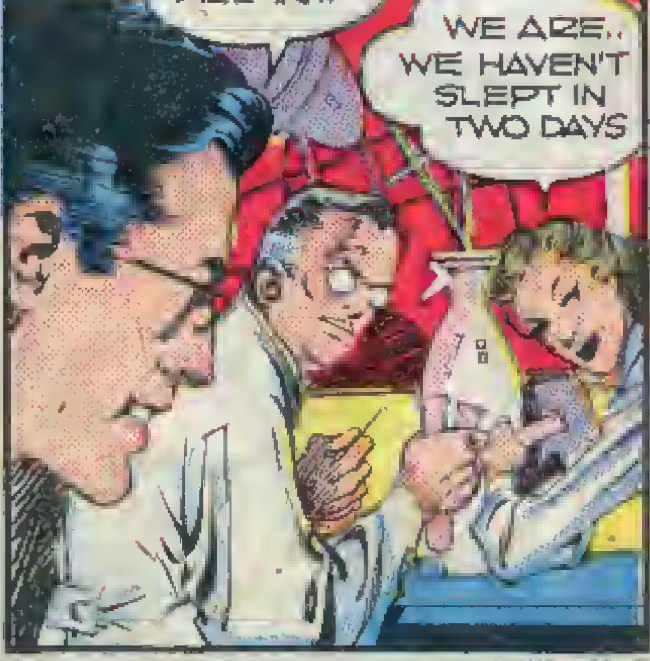


THE SENATOR BURSTS INTO A LABORATORY WHERE WENDY, HIS FIANCEE, AND HER FATHER, DR. FOSTER, ARE AT WORK.



HI FOLKS!! VACATION DAYS ARE HERE FOR ME.. CONGRESS ADJOURNED AND I'M... HEY...

DID YOU HEAR ME? I SAID ... GOLLY, YOU TWO LOOK ALL IN..



WE ARE.. WE HAVEN'T SLEPT IN TWO DAYS

WE'RE PERFECTING A NEW FOOD CONCENTRATE TO SEND TO WAR-TORN COUNTRIES.. IT'S AN ALPHABET OF VITAMINS.. AND HAS PLENTY OF ENERGY VALUE..



THAT AFTERNOON

GLAD YOU PERSUADED US TO COME ALONG, TOM. WENDY NEEDS THE REST.

WHAT ABOUT YOU, DAD?

BUT WHEN THEY REACH THE FARMLANDS OF THE MIDWEST.

GREAT CEASAR'S GHOST... WHAT STRUCK THIS PLACE? LOOKS LIKE A PANZER DIVISION ROLLED THROUGH..

A DESTITUTE FARMER EXPLAINS

YESSIR, HURRICANE COME BY AND WIPE OUT TH' WHOLE PLACE.. CROPS.. HOUSES.. EVERYTHING!!

HURRICANE? WHY THIS ISN'T HURRICANE COUNTRY.. THEY'VE NEVER HAD MORE THAN A BAD STORM OUT HERE..

IN THE FOLLOWING WEEK MORE NEWS OF DISASTROUS WEATHER HITS THE PAPERS.

NEWS
CYCLONE
EASTERN
SEABOARD
STATES..

ADVOCATE
FLOOD!

FUNNY THING ABOUT ALL THESE FREAK STORMS, DOC.. THEY ALWAYS HIT DEFENSE SUPPLY AREAS.. LOOKS LIKE NATURE'S SABOTAGE

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, TOM, BUT I DO KNOW A REMEDY FOR THE STARVATION OF THE PEOPLE STRICKEN BY THE STORMS... MY FORMULA..

ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE IT AWAY FOR NOTHING?

YES.. I'M GOING TO BROADCAST IT NOW, TO ALL THE CHEMISTS IN AMERICA

IT'S ONLY MY FIT DUTY... THEY'RE GIVING ME SPECIAL TIME ON THE AIR.. GOT TO GET OVER TO THE STATION.. GOOD-BYE!!

GOOD FOR YOU, DOC!!

BUT AS HE STEPS INTO
THE DARK STREET..

WHAT'S
THIS?



THE FORMULA,
GIVE ME THE
FORMULA FOR
THE FOOD
CONCENTRATE!



TREMBLING, DOCTOR FOSTER
HANDS OVER THE PRECIOUS
PAPER....



THEN RACES BACK TO TOM

TOM MUST BE
RIGHT... SOMETHING
SUPERNATURAL IS
FIGHTING US... THAT
THING IN THE CLOAK
DIDN'T LOOK
HUMAN!!



BREATHLESSLY, THE DOCTOR
TELLS TOM WHAT HAPPENED

A SKULL FACE, EH?
HMMM.. BUT IT CAN'T
BE! THERE MUST BE
SOMEONE BEHIND
IT ALL!!



I'LL FIND OUT... LOOK, THE
GREAT LAKE DISTRICT
HASN'T BEEN TOUCHED
YET.. I'VE A HUNCH IT WILL
BE NEXT..



LATER THAT NIGHT, A FLEET,
WINGED FIGURE SOARS
ACROSS LAKE ERIE....



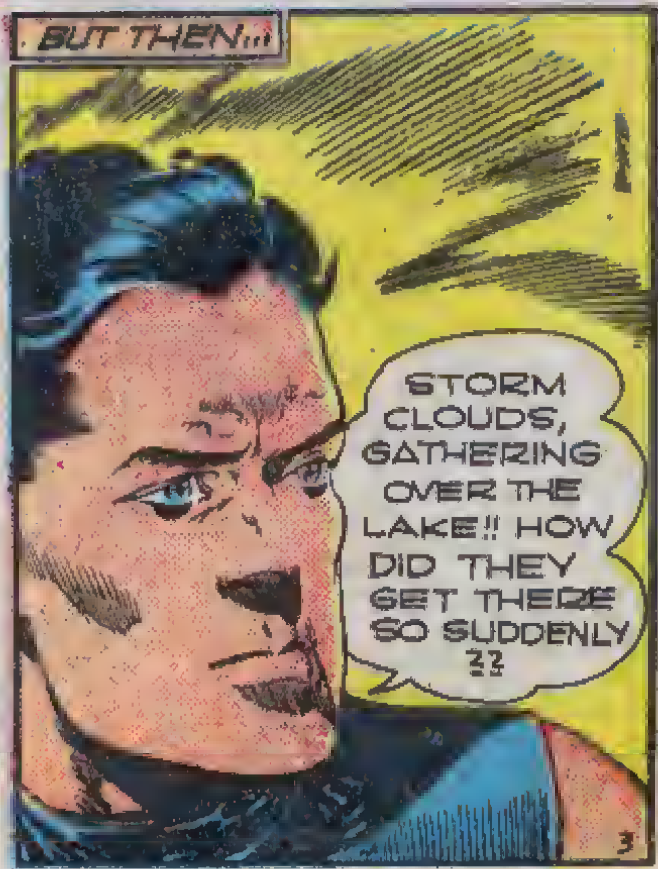
AND ALIGHTS ON A ROOF
TOP IN DETROIT... THE
BLACK CONDOR..

NO SIGN OF
TROUBLE
YET!!



BUT THEN...

STORM
CLOUDS,
GATHERING
OVER THE
LAKE!! HOW
DID THEY
GET THERE
SO SUDDENLY
??



HE RISES ABOVE THE CLOUDS

THEY CAN'T BE
NATURAL... MUST
BE MAN-MADE!!

SUDDENLY, THE WATERS OF THE LAKE ARE ENRAGED BY A
TREMENDOUS WIND...

A TIDAL
WAVE!! IT
WILL DESTROY
THOSE PLANTS
!!!

JUST THEN
THE **BLACK
CONDOR**
SEES..

WOW!!
WHAT A
BIG
BABY!!

THOSE RAYS
MUST CAUSE
ELECTRIC
DISTURBANCES.
WELL, I'VE
GOT A LITTLE
RAY OF MY
OWN...

THAT DID
IT.. I MUST
HAVE SMASHED
THEIR
CONTROLS..
THEY'RE
TURNING
BACK..

WITH A MIGHTY ROAR, THE
TURBULENT WAVES
SUBSIDE BEFORE THEY
CAN WREAK THEIR
HAVOC...

NOW TO CLEAR
UP THE MYSTERY
OF THIS PLANE
!!!

SHE'S A SUPER JOB
ALRIGHT... ALMOST
TOO FAST FOR
ME..

INSIDE THE PLANE WE FIND THE BLACK CONDOR'S ARCH ENEMY, JASPAR CROW...

THE RAY CONTROL IS RUINED!! IT'LL TAKE A WEEK TO REPAIR!!

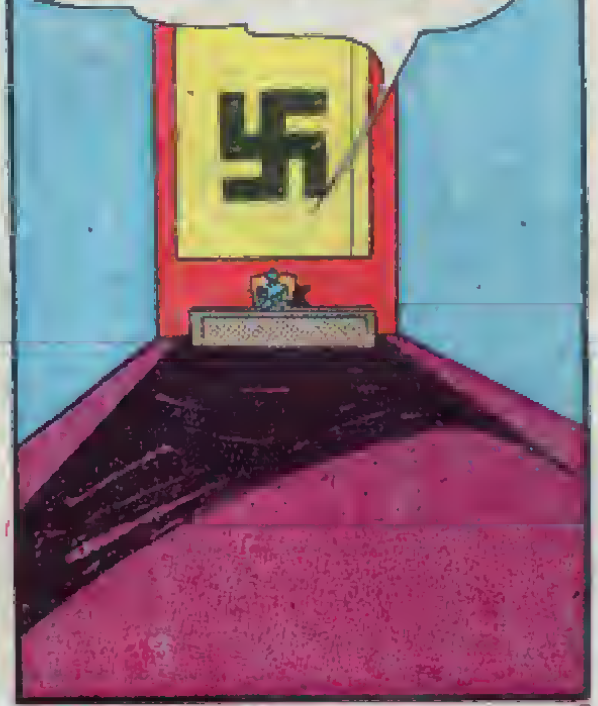


JASPAR MAKES A SHORT-WAVE CALL ACROSS THE OCEAN...

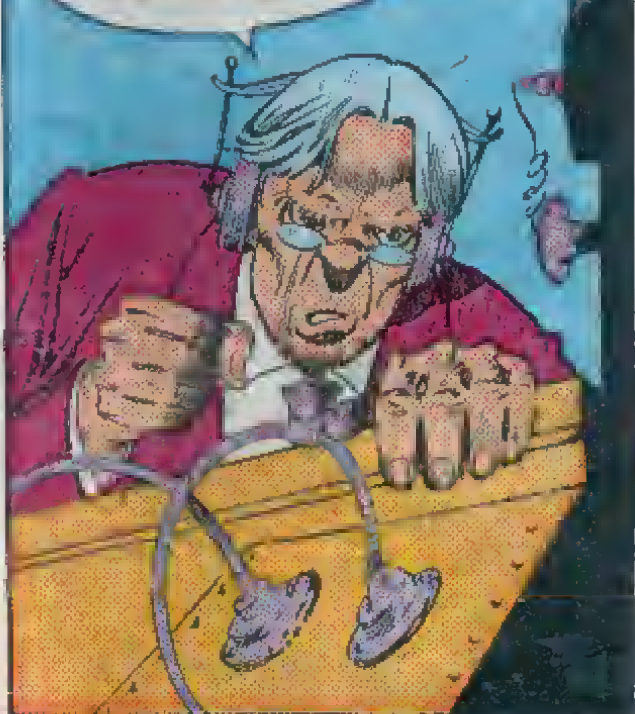
CROW REPORTING TO DER FEURER... OUR ATTACK ON THE AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY HALTED... WE'LL TRY AGAIN...



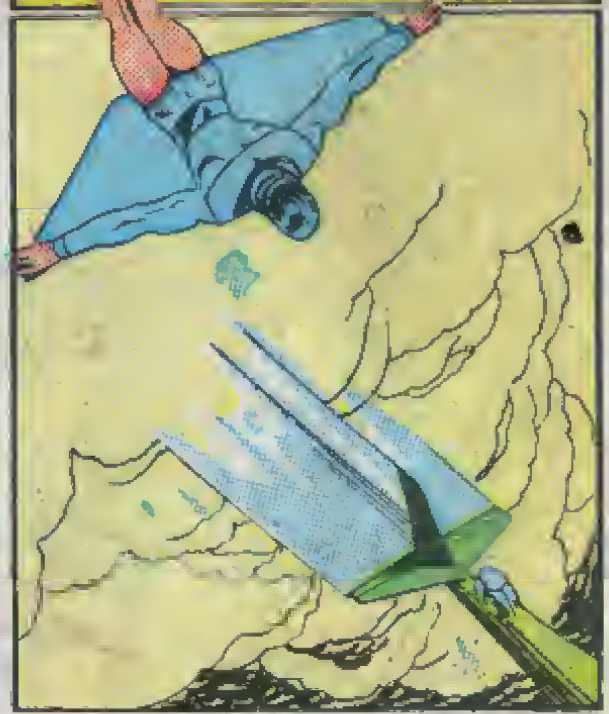
DUMBKUPF!! SWINE!! I DO NOT PAY FOR FOOD CONCENTRATE FORMULA UNTIL YOU DESTROY DETROIT!!



OH, NOW LISTEN, ADOLF... I MADE A CONTRACT..YOU'VE GOT TO PAY FOR THE FORMULA AT LEAST!!



BY NOW THE BLACK CONDOR HAS FOUND A FAST TAIL WIND... HE NEARS THE PLANE...



AND LANDS ON THE TAIL...



MEANWHILE, WENDY AND HER FATHER BEND ALL THEIR EFFORTS TO RELIEVE STORM AND FLOOD VICTIMS...

IF WE ONLY HAD THAT FORMULA!!



BACK IN THE PLANE CROW'S
SKULL-FACED HENCHMAN
HEARS A NOISE...

QUIET... SOMEONE
IS IN THE
PASSAGE!!



HE WHIRLS AND TANGLES
WITH THE CONDOR
IN THE NARROW
SPACE..



THE CO-PILOT IS QUICK
WITH THE KNIFE.....

DUCK GRUESOME!!
I'LL PIN THAT
BIRD!!



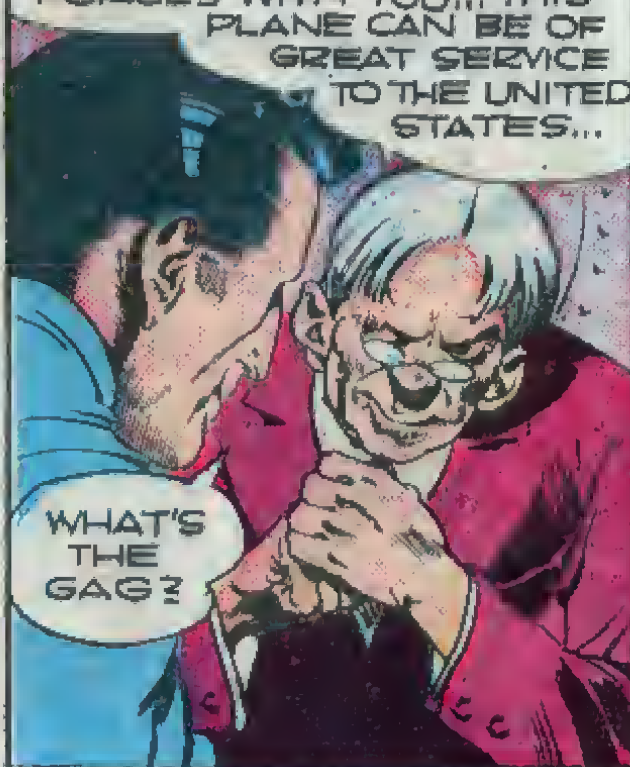
THE CONDOR FINDS BOTH
HIS WINGS TACKED TO THE
WALLS...

JASPAR
CROW!!



I'M GLAD YOU CAME MISTER
CONDOR... I WANT TO JOIN
FORCES WITH YOU... THIS
PLANE CAN BE OF
GREAT SERVICE
TO THE UNITED
STATES...

WHAT'S
THE
GAG?



NO GAS!! HITLER IS HOLDING
OUT ON ME..NOW I'LL USE HIS
OWN SHIP AGAINST HIM...WE
HAVE A DEVICE THAT CAUSES
LOW HUMIDITY AREAS...WE
CAN CREATE ANY KIND OF
STORM WE
WISH...



AND WHAT
ABOUT DOC
FOSTER'S
FORMULA?

I REGRET TO
SAY IT IS ON ITS
WAY TO GERMANY
IN A U-BOAT..
WE DID NOT
TRUST IT TO
SHORT-WAVE.



WHEN I GET THE
FORMULA I'LL BE BACK..
WITH GOLD TO PAY
YOU FOR THE
USE OF THE
PLANE..

GOOD,
EXCELLENT!!

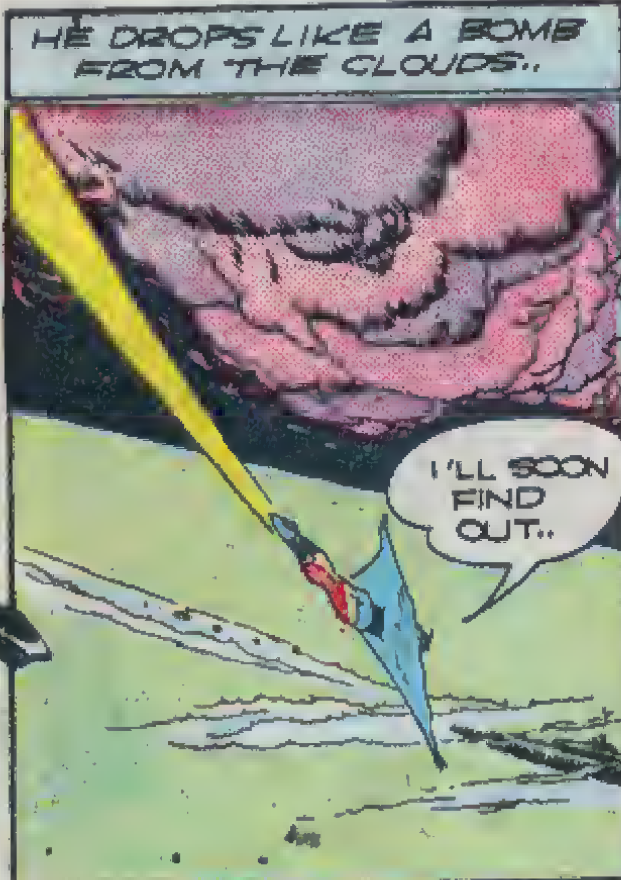


OUT ACROSS THE VAST
ATLANTIC WINGS THE
BLACK CONDOR, IN SEARCH
OF THE SUBMARINE....





THAT MUST BE IT..



HE DROPS LIKE A BOMB FROM THE CLOUDS..

I'LL SOON FIND OUT..



EVEN THE FISHES ARE STARTLED BY HIS SWIFT AGILITY BENEATH THE SEA..



CUTTING THE STEEL-PLATE WITH THE BLACK RAY, HE ENTERS THE SUBMARINE.....



HMM.. HERE COMES RESISTANCE!!



AND THERE THEY GO..



REACHING THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS HE TAPS THE STARTLED GENTLEMAN ON THE SHOULDER...



AND LEAVES AT ONCE WITH THE FORMULA TUCKED SAFELY IN HIS BELT..

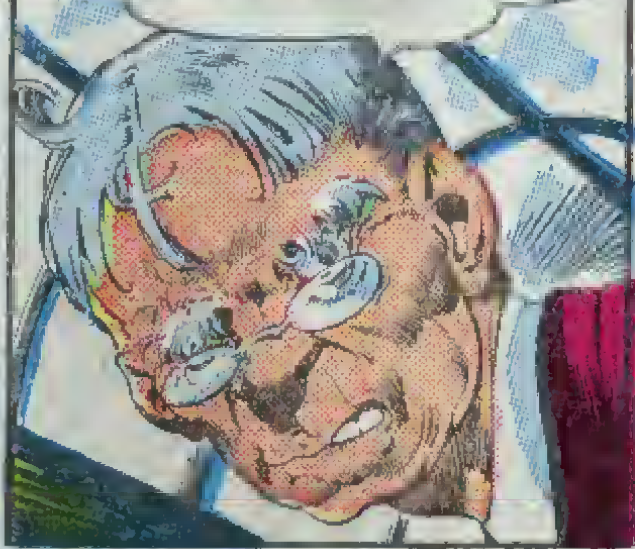
HEY!!



THAT'S THAT!! NOW TO DO BUSINESS WITH MISTER CROW..

MEANWHILE BACK IN THE WEATHER-PLANE..

HEH! THE CONDOR BIT MY TEMPTING BAIT!! AS SOON AS I GET HIS GOLD, I'LL GO BACK TO HITLER.. HE'LL PAY THROUGH THE NOSE WHEN HE SEES I MEAN BUSINESS....

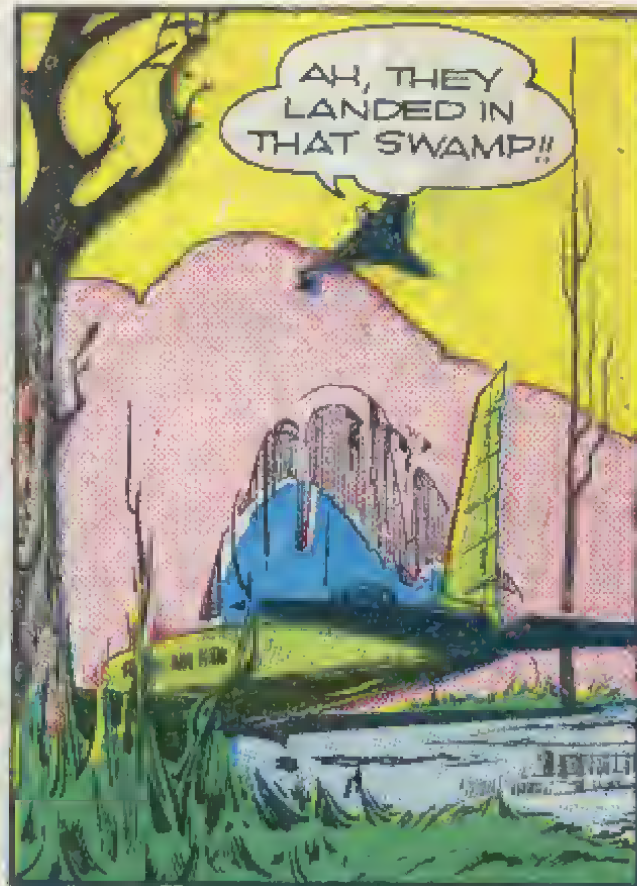


BUT THE BLACK CONDOR TOO HAS LEARNED THE ART OF THE DOUBLE-CROSS

GOLDEN SAND IS 'ALL HE'LL GET!!



AH, THEY LANDED IN THAT SWAMP!!



HERE YOU ARE CROW.. THERE'S MILLIONS IN THESE BAGS....

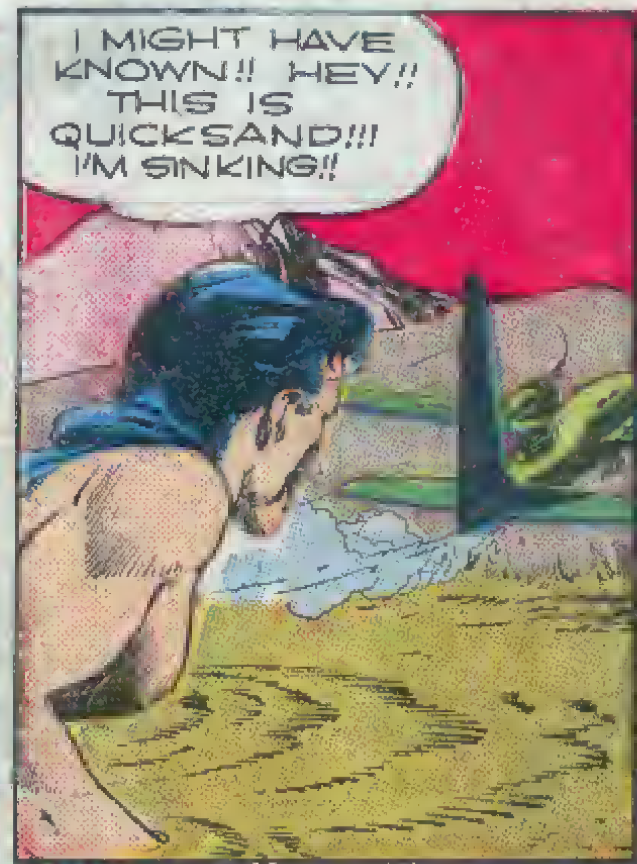


THE CONDOR RECEIVES HIS THANKS..

GOOD!! LET'S GO..

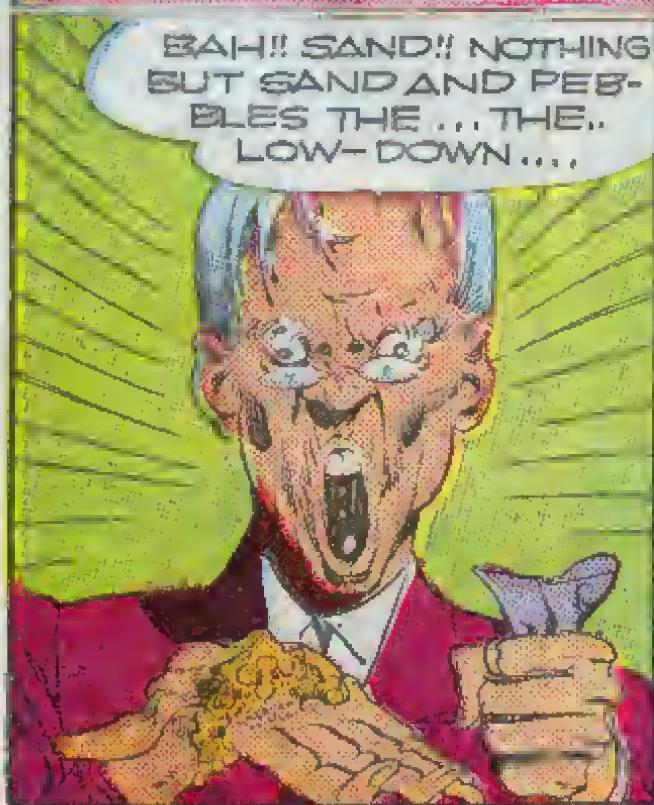


I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!! HEY!! THIS IS QUICKSAND!!! I'M SINKING!!



THE CROW COUNTS HIS LOOT..

BAH!! SAND!! NOTHING BUT SAND AND PEBBLES THE ... THE.. LOW-DOWN....



EVEN HIS HENCHMEN GET A KICK OUT OF SEEING CROW GET THE SHORT END OF A DEAL



MEANWHILE THE BLACK CONDOR IS RAPIDLY GOING UNDER..



THE ROCKS OF THE CLIFF,
SHATTERED BY THE RAY
CRASH DOWN INTO THE MIRE..



THEY DISPLACE THE QUICK-
SAND AND THE CONDOR
IS FREED....



SUDDENLY CROW'S PILOT
IS STRUCK...



THIS TIME THE CYCLONE
IS INSIDE THE PLANE!!



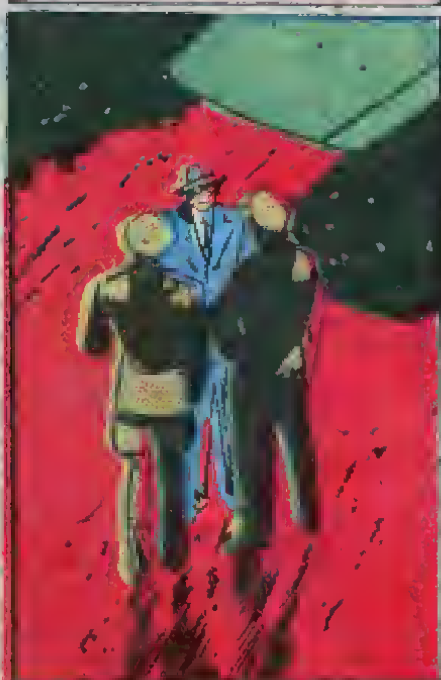
JASPAR CROW ESCAPES AGAIN..



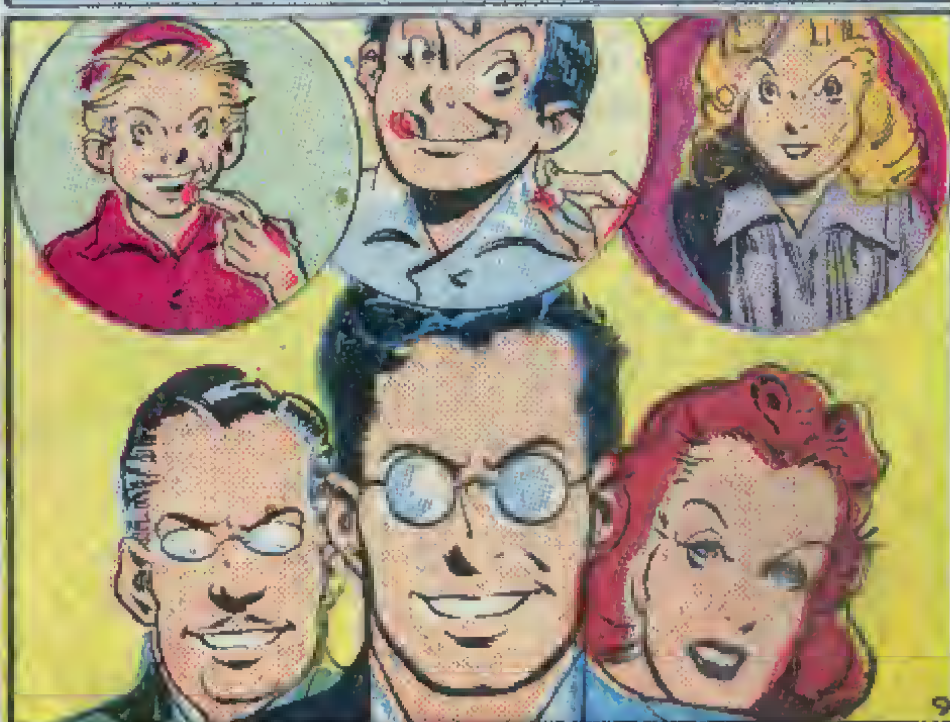
THE MYSTERY PLANE
IS SOON ROARING
OVER THE CAPITOL...



AND SENATOR TOM
WRIGHT DELIVERS IT
TO THE ARMY FOR
USE IN DEFENSE..



IN A SHORT TIME THE FOSTER FOOD
PILLS BRING RENEWED STRENGTH TO
THE CHILDREN OF THE STRICKEN AREAS..





NIGHT AT THE EAGLE SQUADRON—

HAVE YOU GOT
YOUR INSTRUCTIONS
STRAIGHT, TEX?

YES, SIR—I
FLY TO
CHALONS IN
FRANCE---



--DROP OFF THE
BRITISH AGENT
BY PARACHUTE,
THEN RETURN--
IT'S SIMPLE--THE
AGENT IS THE GUY
WHO HAS THE
TOUGH JOB!



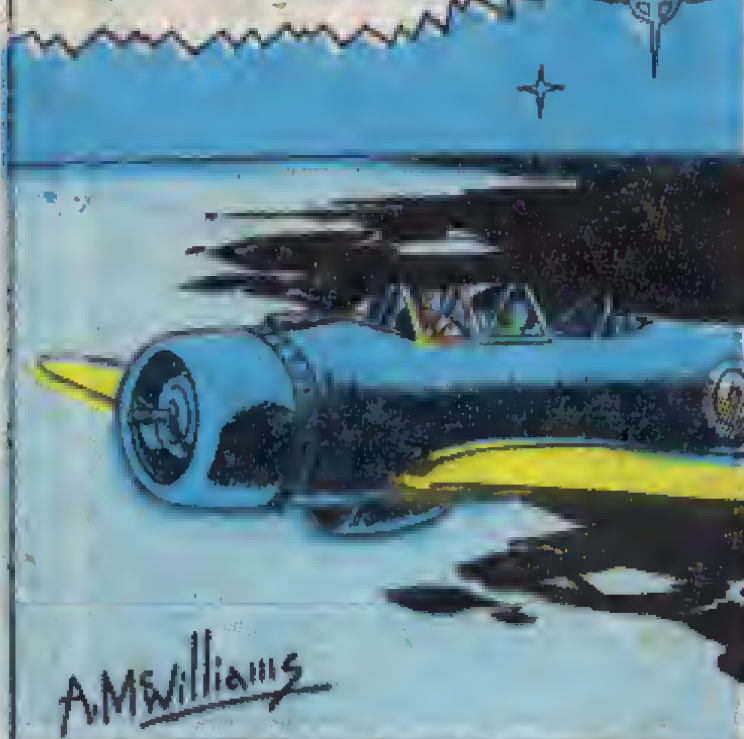
TEX AND HIS PASSENGER
ROAR OFF INTO THE NIGHT
ON THEIR DESPERATE VENTURE



SEPTEMBER CALLING AIR
COMMAND... OVER CHANNEL
ANY FURTHER ORDERS?...
OVER...!!



AIR COMMAND CALLING
SEPTEMBER... NOTHING
FURTHER... OFF...

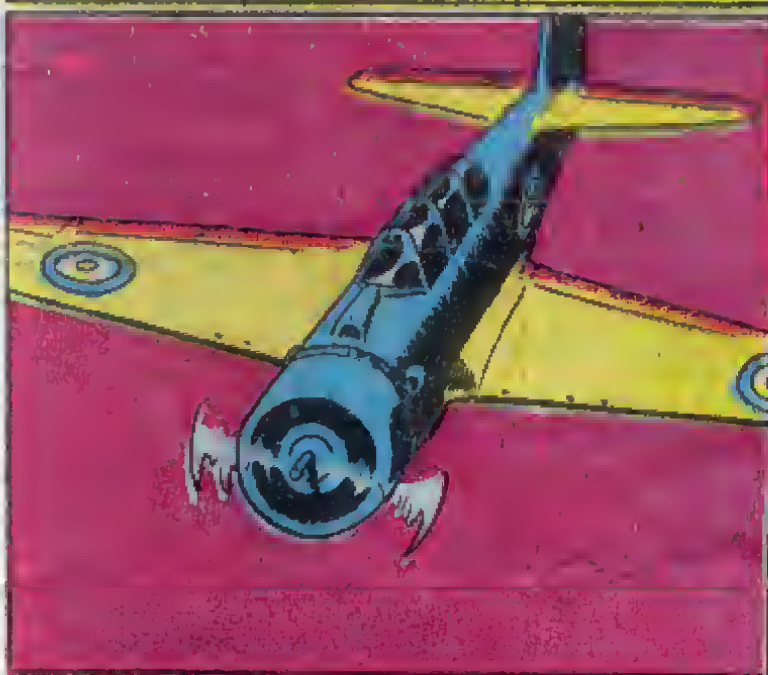


A.M. Williams

TEX STARTS CLIMBING
HIGHER AND HIGHER
INTO THE BLACK
FROZEN HEAVENS...



THE TRIM VULTEE DRONES OVER
THE FRENCH COAST... FLYING AT SUCH
A TREMENDOUS HEIGHT IT IS UNSEEN
... UNHEARD...



TIME TO CUT YOUR
MOTOR, ADAMS...
WE'RE APPROACHING
CHALONS...



I'LL BAIL OUT AT 15,000 FEET
... YOU CONTINUE YOUR GLIDE
FOR AS MANY MORE MILES
AS YOU CAN BEFORE YOU
OPEN UP YOUR MOTOR...



CHEERIO,
ADAMS...
I'M ON MY
WAY!

GOOD LUCK,
CHUM...



THOSE LADS REALLY
HAVE WHAT IT TAKES!
GUESS HE WON'T
OPEN HIS 'CHUTE
UNTIL 1000 FEET



NOW I'VE GOTTA GET
AS FAR AWAY FROM
HIM AS I CAN BEFORE
I GIVE HER THE GUN
... I DON'T WANT TO
GIVE HIS LANDING
AWAY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER,
TEX OPENS HIS THROTTLE
AT AN ALTITUDE OF ONLY
A FEW HUNDRED FEET...



WHAT TH----
SEARCHLIGHTS!



UNWITTINGLY, TEX HAS ROARED
DIRECTLY ABOVE A CONCENTRA-
TION OF NAZI TROOPS AND HIS
PLANE BECOMES THE TARGET
FOR STREAMS OF TRACERS ---!!

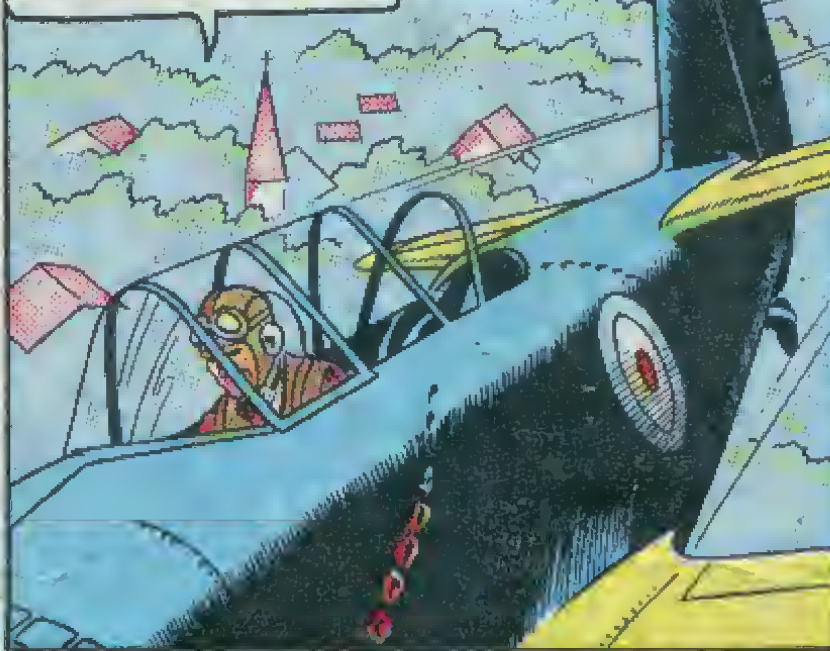


TEX SIDESLIPS
DESPERATELY OUT OF
THE SEARCHLIGHT'S
BEAM----

WOW--THAT
WAS LIKE STEP-
PING INTO A
HORNET'S NEST



HOMeward BOUND
--- OH, OH--THEY MUST'VE
HIT THE MOTOR!! THE
OIL PRESSURE'S DROP-
PING FAST---!!



I'LL NEVER EVEN
MAKE THE CHANNEL--
THIS MOTOR WILL
FREEZE UP IN A FEW
MOMENTS... BUT
THEY HAVEN'T CAPTUR-
ED ME YET---!!



POINTING THE NOSE OF
THE PLANE EASTWARD,
TEX LOCKS THE CONTROLS
---AND BAILS OUT---!!



WHEN THAT PLANE CRASHES
IT'LL BE FORTY MILES AWAY--
THE NAZIS WON'T KNOW
WHERE TO LOOK FOR ME --
SO AT LEAST I HAVE A
CHANCE ---



APPROACHING A ROAD, TEX
HEARS THE CLATTER OF
EQUIPMENT AND MOTORS...

NAZI TANKS----
HEADING TOWARD
THE COAST...!!
WELL, WELL...



AS THE LAST TANK
CLATTERS THROUGH...NO
ONE NOTICES THE SHAD-
OWY FIGURE EMERGE
FROM THE BUSHES----



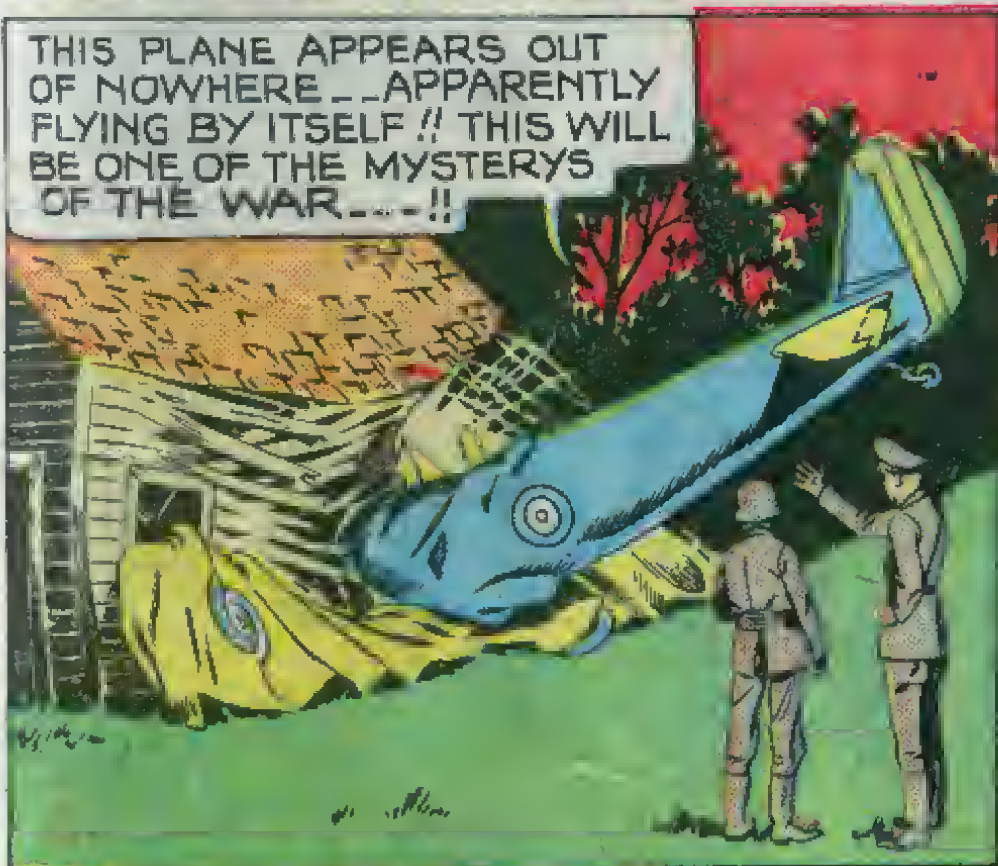
MEANWHILE, MILES AWAY--

WE'VE SEARCHED
EVERYWHERE IN
THE VICINITY, KAPITAN,
BUT WE CAN'T FIND
THE PILOT...!!

MOST
AMAZING!



THIS PLANE APPEARS OUT
OF NOWHERE...APPARENTLY
FLYING BY ITSELF!! THIS WILL
BE ONE OF THE MYSTERY
OF THE WAR...!!



THESE THINGS
RIDE LIKE
CEMENT MIXERS!



I'VE BEEN ON THIS
ANIMATED BOILER
FACTORY FOR OVER
AN HOUR...SO I MUST
BE NEARING THE
COAST...HEY! WHAT'S
THAT?



AS THE TANK PASSES AN
APPARENTLY DESERTED FIELD,
TEX SEES NAZI PLANES COMING
IN FOR A LANDING----



A NAZI PATROL RETURNING
---TEX...HERE'S YOUR
CHANCE ---!!



ONE AFTER THE OTHER, THE PLANES
LAND AND SWING AROUND AT
TEX'S END OF THE FIELD TO TAXI
BACK TOWARD THEIR HANGARS..

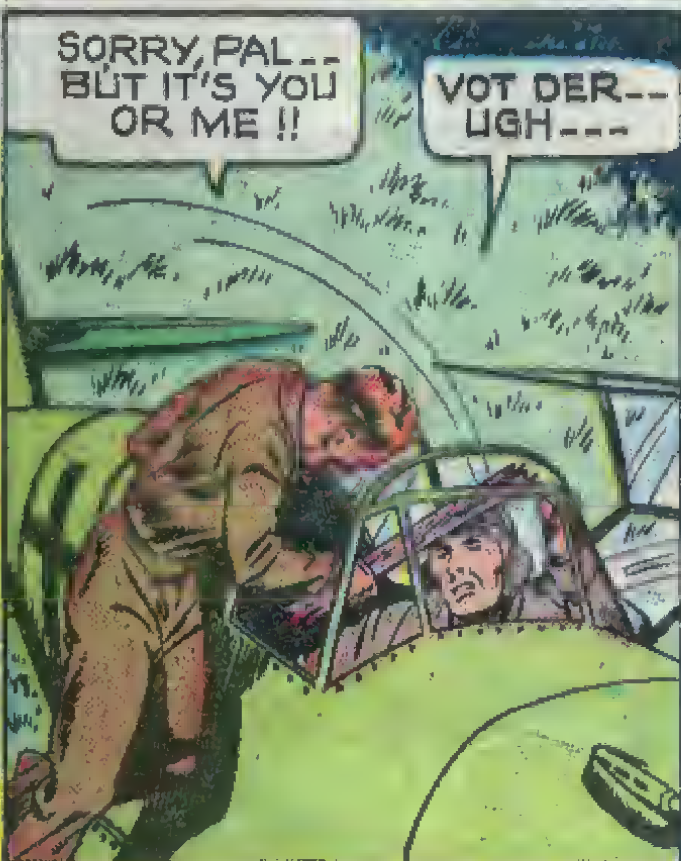


AS THE LAST PLANE WADDLES
AROUND AND THE PILOT THROWS
THE COCKPIT COVER BACK, TEX
SPRINTS TOWARD IT...



SORRY, PAL...
BUT IT'S YOU
OR ME !!

VOT DER...
UGH---



WHILE THE PLANE TAXIS
CRAZILY, TEX HEAVES THE
UNCONSCIOUS PILOT OUT, AND
DROPS INTO THE COCKPIT...



HERE I COME, FRITZ...
-- GANGWAY-- !!



THAT MUST BE THEIR
HANGARS UNDER THOSE
TREES AHEAD... I'LL GIVE
'EM A PARTING SALUTE... !!



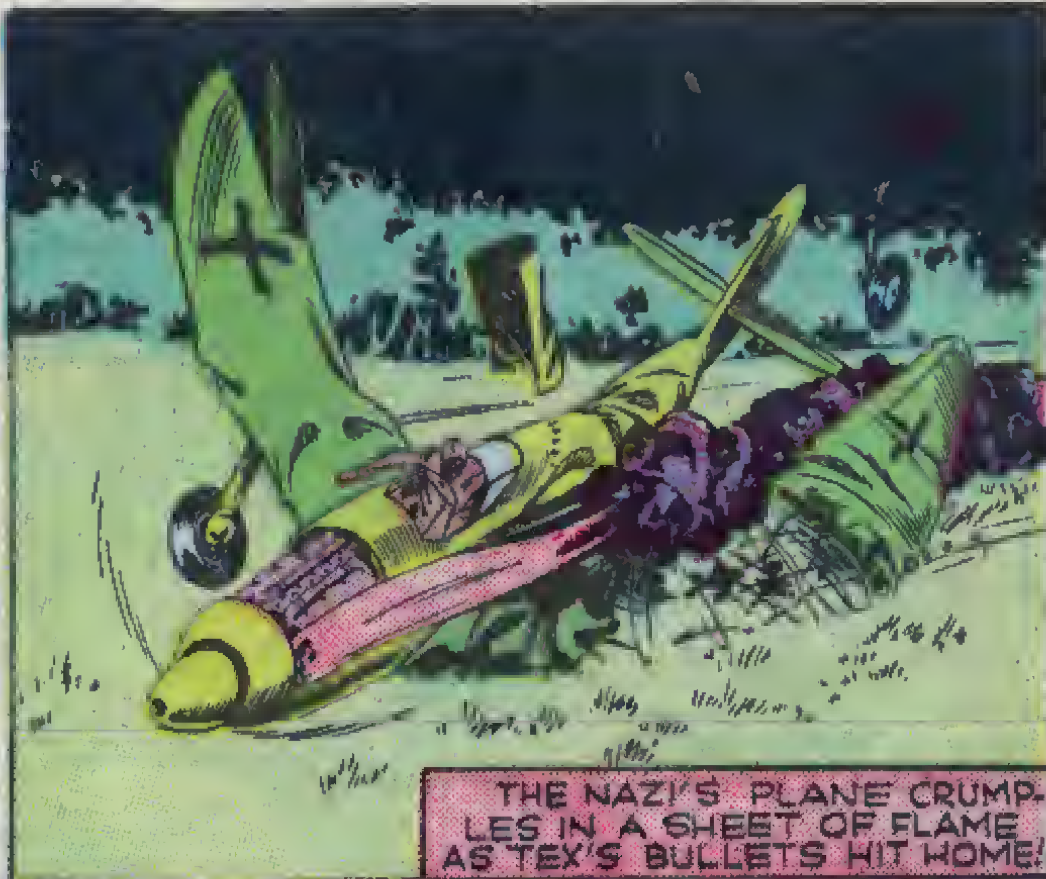
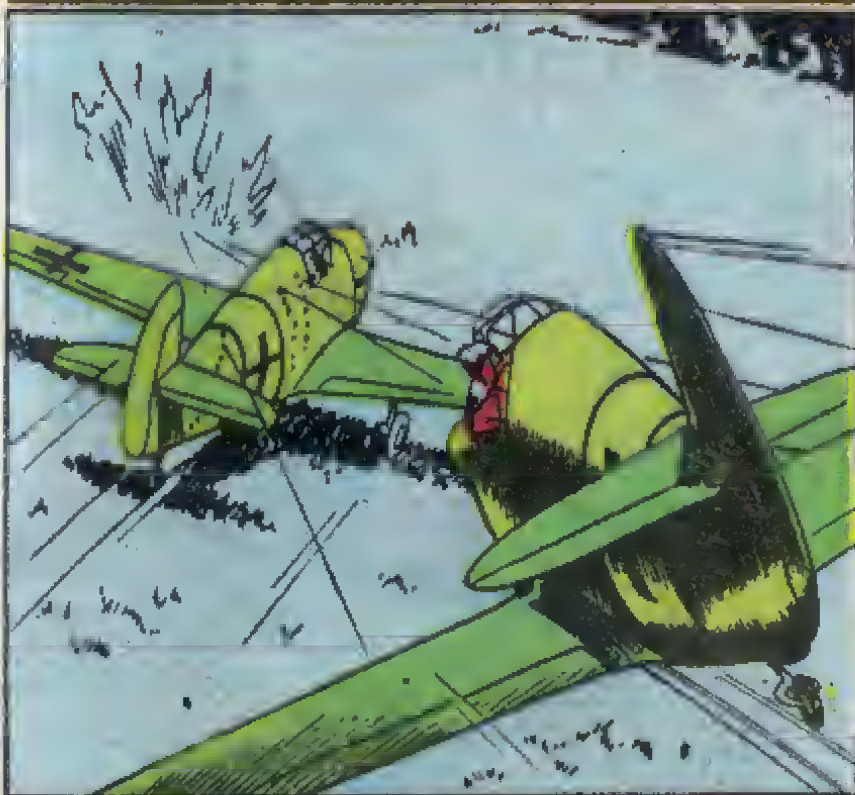
TEX RAKES THE NAZI MEN AND
PLANES WITH BULLETS, THEN
HURDLES THEM WITH DIZZY SPEED



OH, OH... ONE
OF 'EM IS
TAKING OFF
AFTER ME..!



TEX SWOOPS DOWN, GUNS HAMMERING



THE NAZI'S PLANE CRUMPLES IN A SHEET OF FLAME AS TEX'S BULLETS HIT HOME!

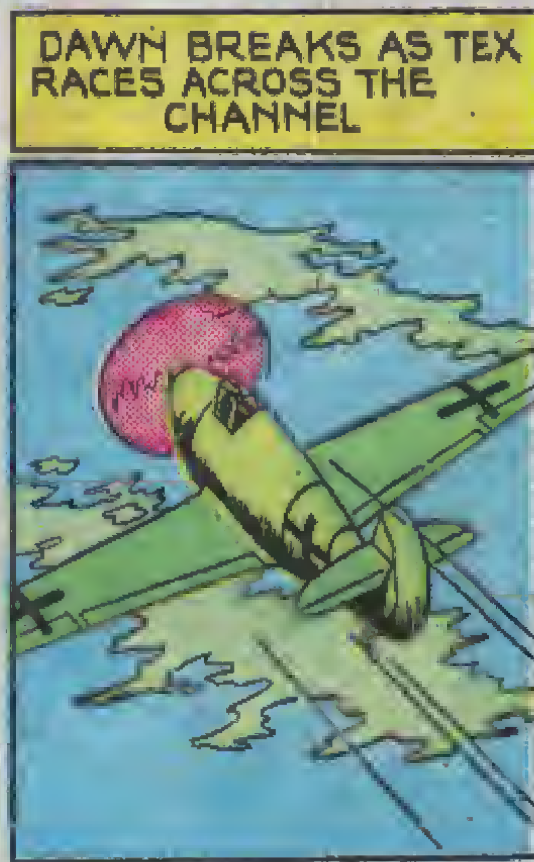
THAT'LL HOLD 'EM--
NOW FOR HOME
AND BREAKFAST



NOT MUCH GAS IN THIS CRATE,
--BUT I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE
ENGLAND ANYHOW---



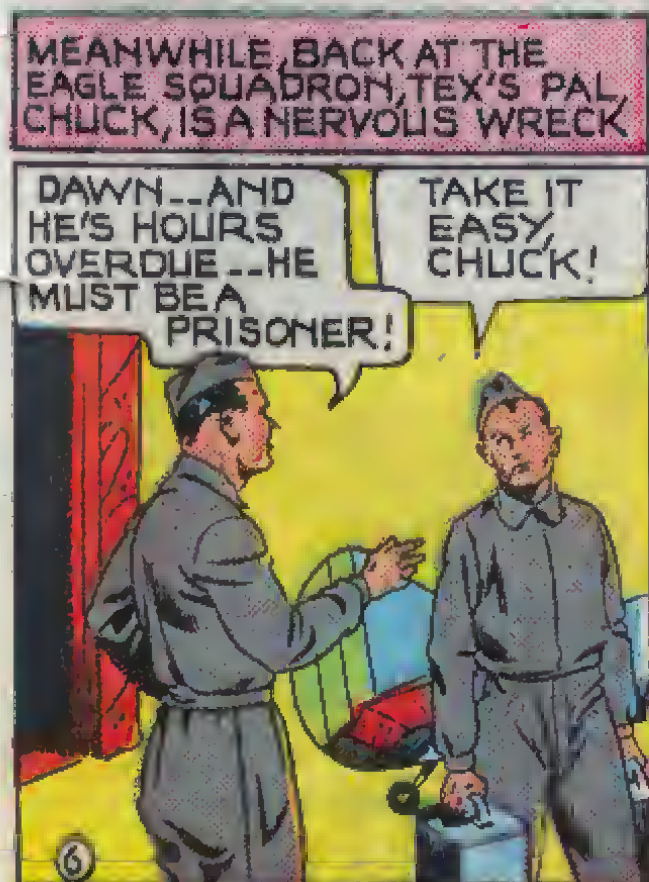
DAWN BREAKS AS TEX
RACES ACROSS THE
CHANNEL



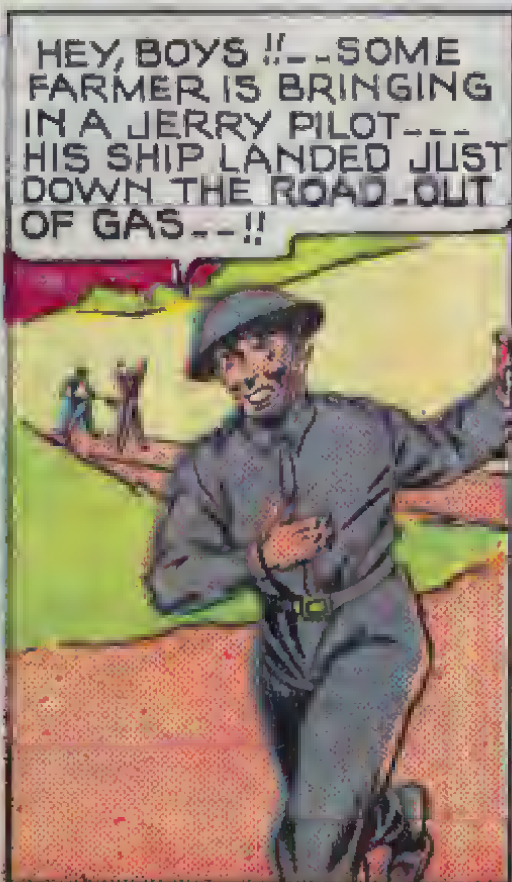
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE
EAGLE SQUADRON, TEX'S PAL
CHUCK, IS A NERVOUS WRECK

DAWN--AND
HE'S HOURS
OVERDUE--HE
MUST BE A
PRISONER!

TAKE IT
EASY,
CHUCK!



HEY, BOYS !!--SOME
FARMER IS BRINGING
IN A JERRY PILOT---
HIS SHIP LANDED JUST
DOWN THE ROAD--OUT
OF GAS---!!



TEX !!

CHUCK !..TELL THIS
MUG WHO I AM...!!
HE'S WALKED ME
TEN MILES--!



ALIAS

THE

SPIDER

HE HUNTS THE BIGGEST
OF ALL GAME,, CRIMINALS
BEYOND THE STRONG ARM
OF THE LAW!! THIS IS TOM
HALLAWAY... ALIAS THE
SPIDER!!

OUTSIDE THE
STATELY MANSION
OF ARTHUR HENDERSON,
CHUCK, THE FAITHFUL
SERVANT OF TOM
HALLAWAY, WAITS
IMPATIENTLY...

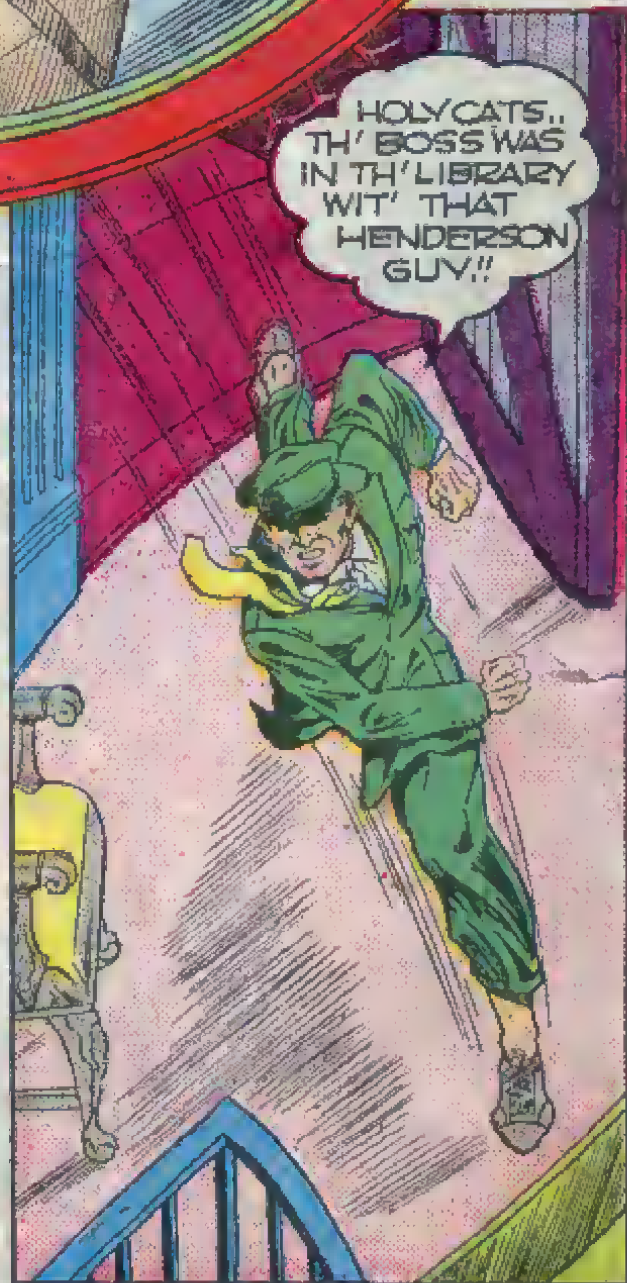
I OUGHTA BOP
THAT GUY,,, HE'S
BEEN IN THERE
HOURS! WE'RE
EVEN GONNA MISS
BANK NIGHT!!

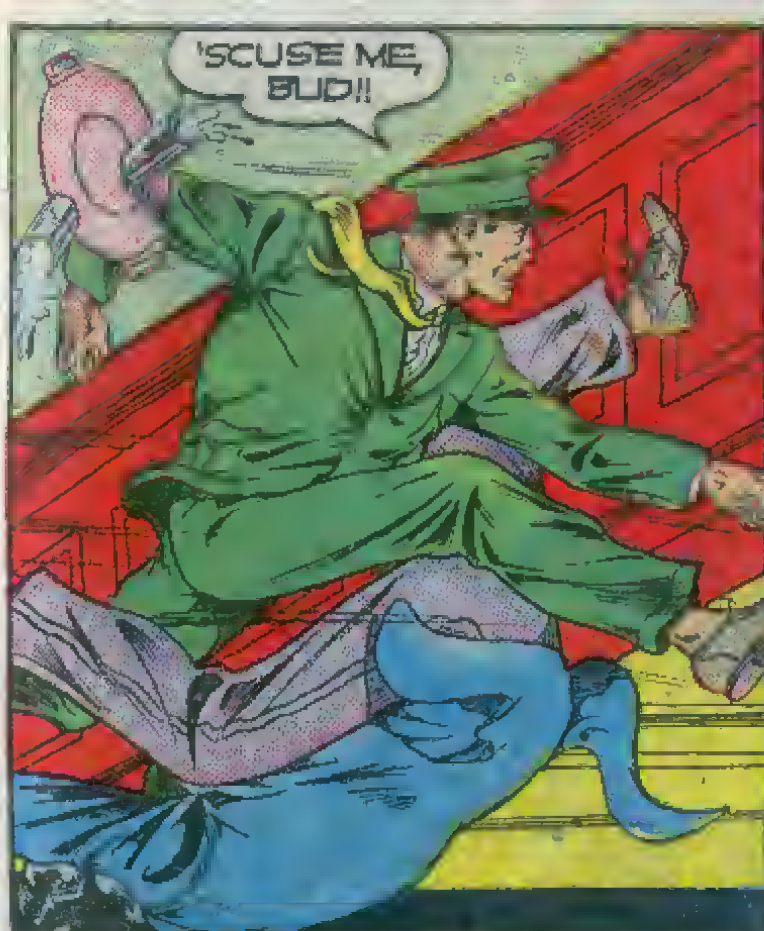


SUDDENLY, A FADING
SCREAM ECHOES
FROM THE LIBRARY...



HOLY CATS,,
TH' BOSS WAS
IN TH' LIBRARY
WIT' THAT
HENDERSON
GUY!!





'SCUSE ME, BUD!!



I'LL PICK YOU UP LATER!



UHE



HEY, YOU.. WHERE'S TH' PLACE WHERE YOUR BOSS KEEPS HIS BOOKS?



THE LIBRARY, SIR, IS OVER THERE!!

MY WORD..



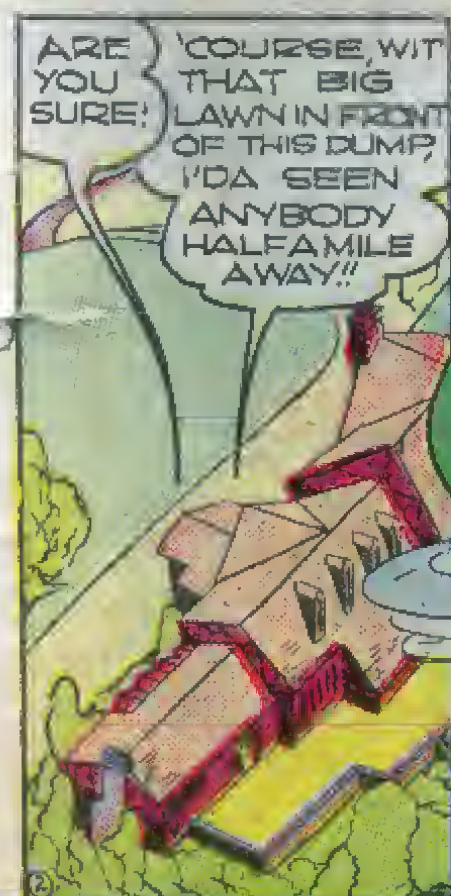
HEY BOSS.. **BOSS!**
OH.. YOU'RE OKAY!! I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU THAT GOT CROAKED!

NO, CHUCK!!



IT WAS HENDERSON.. SHOT RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART! DID YOU SEE WHO IT WAS?

ME?
I DIDN'T SEE NOBODY.. CAUSE NOBODY WAS AROUND!!



ARE YOU SURE?

'COURSE, WIT THAT BIG LAWN IN FRONT OF THIS DUMP, I'DA SEEN ANYBODY HALF MILE AWAY!!



HOLY CATS!

HAVE YOU GONE LOCO? C'MON.. I GOTTA GET YOU OUTA HERE BEFORE TH' BULLS ARRIVE.



DON'T BE A DOPE.. HENDERSON WAS A FRAID HE'D GET KILLED.. THAT'S WHY HE ASKED ME TO COME OUT HERE! HE KNOWS THAT I'M THE SPIDER AND MADE ME HIS HEIR IN THE NEW WILL HE HAD MADE OUT THIS MORNING!!

IF YOU LEAVE YOUR MONEY TO YOUR ADOPTED DAUGHTER, SHE WILL NEVER LIVE TO SPEND IT... SOMEONE CLOSE!

I DON'T GET IT!?

I DO! IT'S FROM THE MURDERER.. BUT IT GETS ME WHO HE IS! HENDERSON'S LAST WORDS WERE IN REGARD TO HIM.. BUT ALL HE HAD A CHANCE TO SAY WAS "MY HALF..." BEFORE HE DIED! FINDING HIS KILLER IS GOING TO BE A TOUGH JOB!!

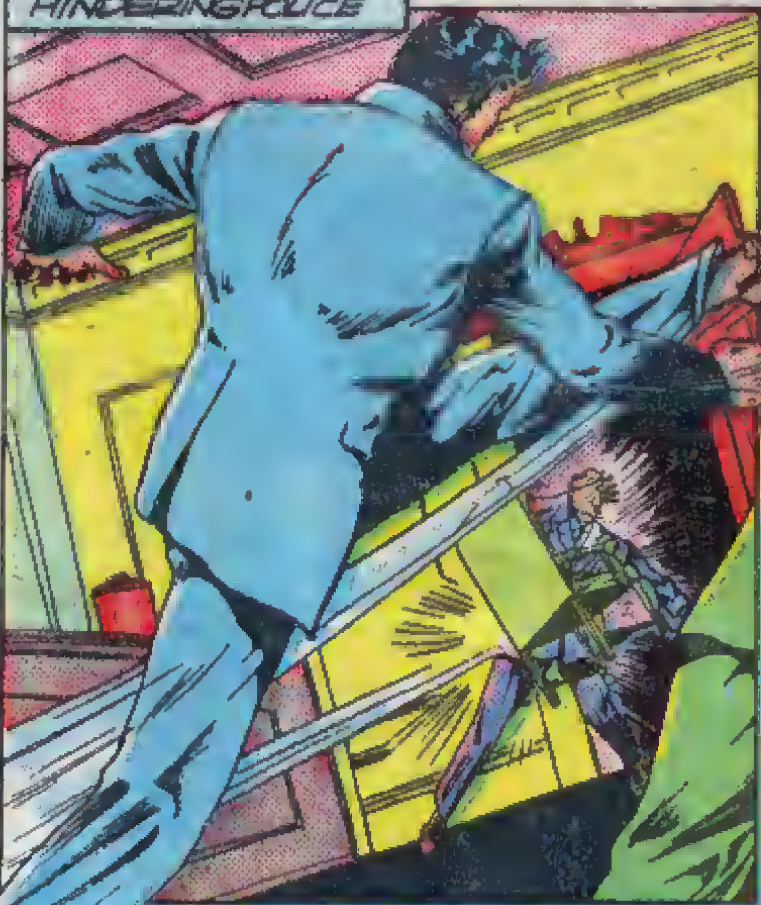
YEAH? REACH HIGH, YOU GUYS! I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING YOU'VE SAID... AND I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR THE MURDER OF ARTHUR HENDERSON.. MR. SPIDER! MAYBE IT'S A GOOD THING MISS HENDERSON KEEPS COMPANY WITH A DUMB COP!!



AH.. DON'T BE A CHUMP!! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE AND GET TO WORK, CHUCK!

TOM HALLAWAY SHIFTS HIS FOOT BEHIND A CHAIR..

... AND IN A FLASH, SENDS IT INTO THE HINDERING POLICE



BEFORE THE OFFICER CAN COLLECT HIMSELF, CHUCK AND TOM ARE THROUGH THE WINDOW



CHUCK.. KEEP THAT COP BUSY.. THE SPIDER'S GOING TO WORK!!

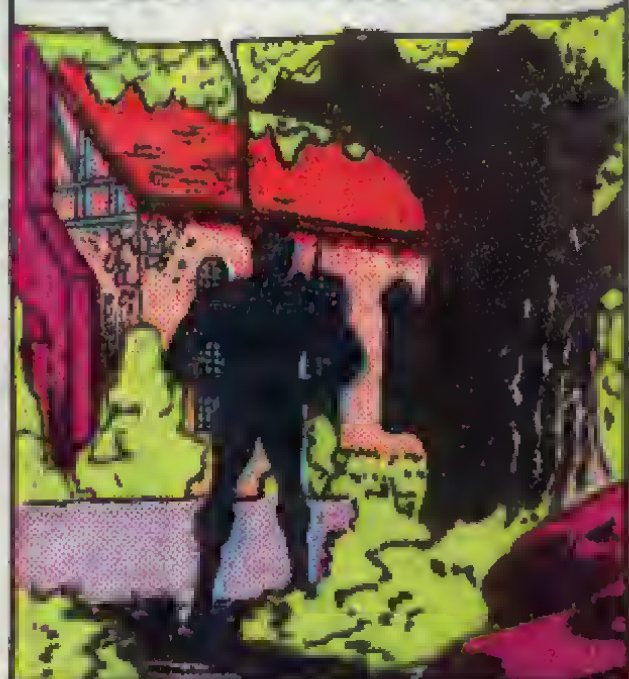
OKAY, BOSS!!

WITH CHUCK KEEPING THE POLICEMAN BUSY AND OUT OF THE WAY, THE SPIDER COMBS THE GROUNDS AROUND THE LIBRARY FOR A CLUE...

OH.. OH.. HERE IT IS!!



A MAUSER BULLET.. SO THAT'S WHY THERE WERE NO FOOT-PRINTS AROUND HERE... HENDERSON WAS KILLED WITH A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE, THRU THE WINDOW AND INTO THIS TREE... HMMM... CAME FROM THE WOODS ACROSS THE FRONT LAWN

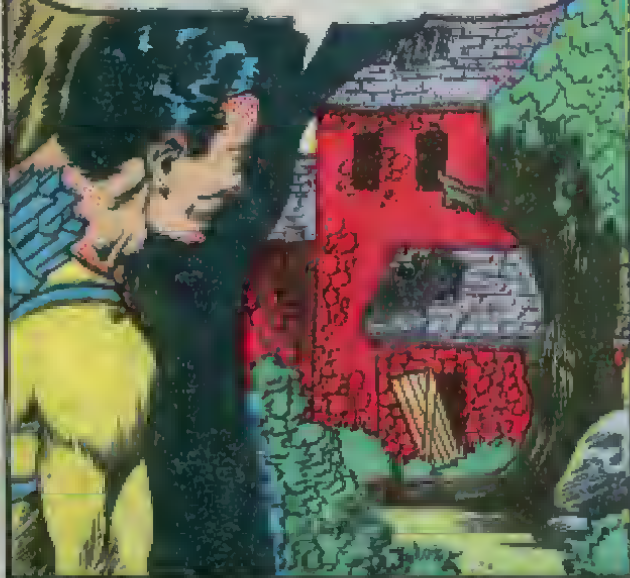


BEFORE LONG, THE SPIDER IS TRACING THE PATH OF THE BULLET BACK TO ITS SOURCE.

HMMM.. MUST BE OVER A MILE AWAY FROM THE HOUSE. WHOEVER KILLED HENDERSON MUST HAVE USED A TELESCOPE SIGHT.. YES.. A GUN USED FOR BIG GAME HUNTING..



HEY.. WHAT'S THAT..?? AN OLD BUILDING! THAT'S IT...THE TOP OF IT WOULD BE A PERFECT SPOT TO SHOOT FROM!!



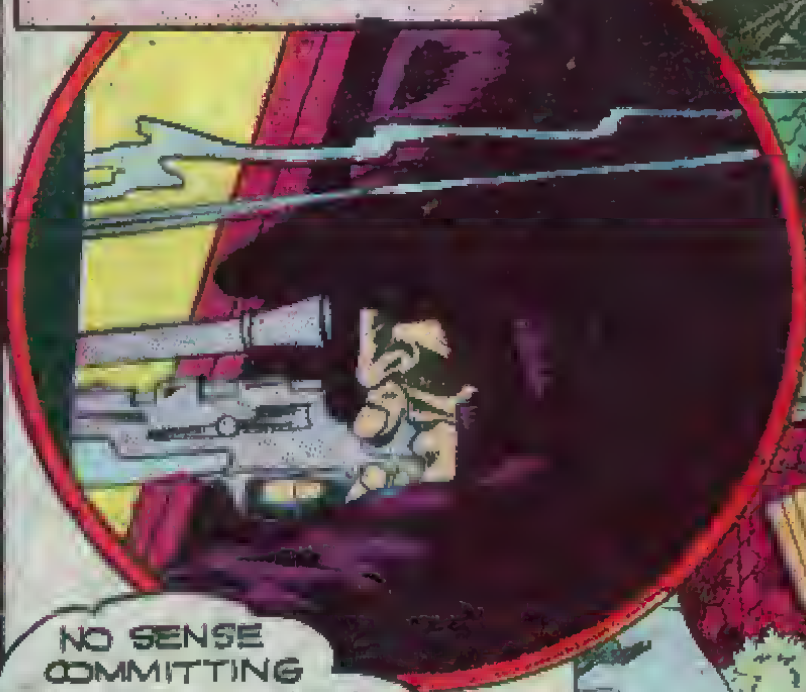
OH,
OH!!



YOU
DON'T WANT
TO GO
ANYPLACE!!



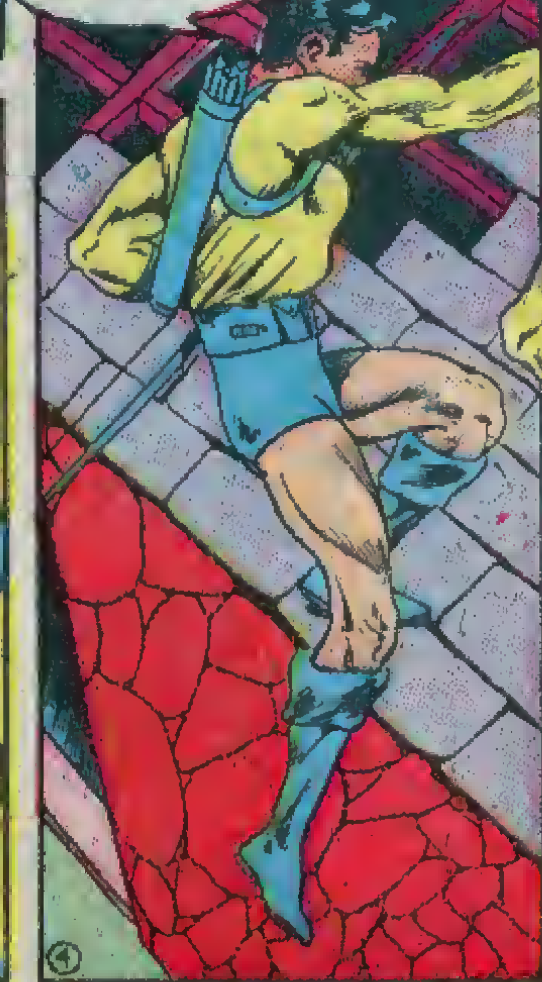
BUT THE FIGURE STEPS
ASIDE...AND IN A FLASH
BRINGS HIS GUN UP..



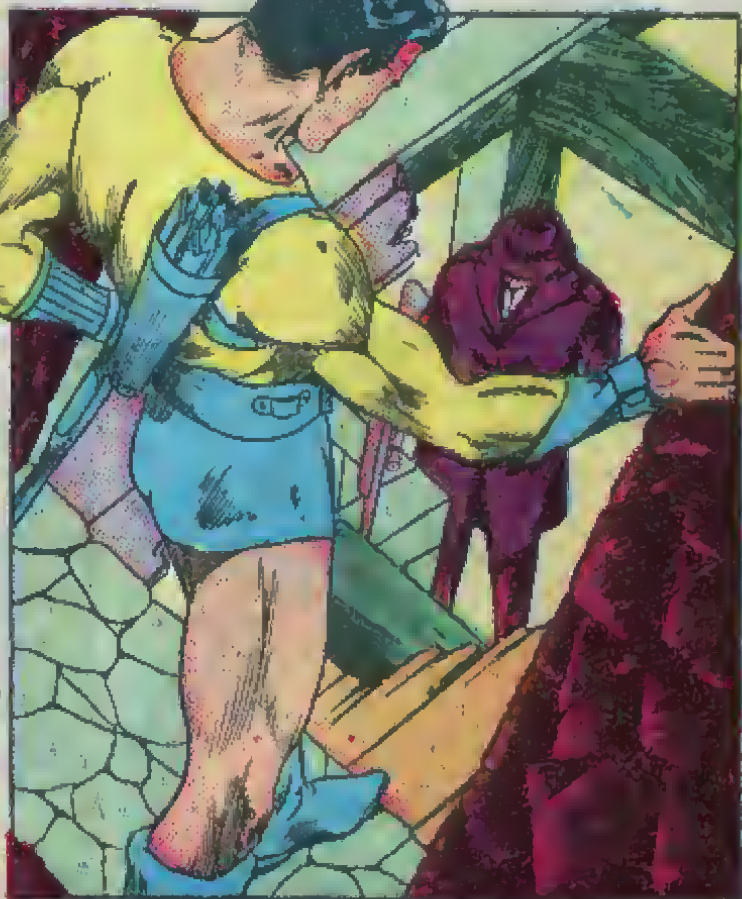
WOW!!
HE'S EVEN
BETTER THAN
I THOUGHT
!!



NO SENSE
COMMITTING
SUICIDE WHEN
THERE'S A WINDOW
UP HERE!



MOVING SWIFTLY AND UNSEEN.. THE SPIDER MAKES HIS WAY TO THE DOOR OF THE OLD BUILDING



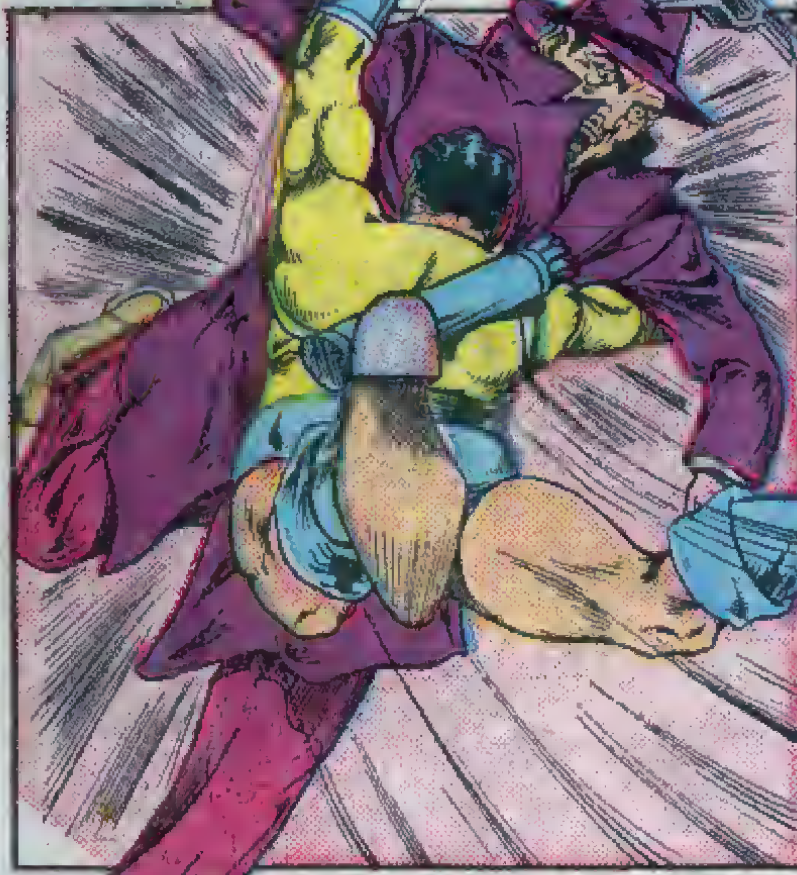


I'D DROP THAT GUN IF I WERE YOU, BUD!!

OH YEAH!!



TH' SPIDER! SO YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP ME AS EASILY AS THAT?



YOU'RE QUITE A STRETCH, BUD.. I KNEW A GUY YOUR SIZE TEN YEARS AGO WHILE HUNTING IN AFRICA!



YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, SPIDER.. YOU MOVE LIKE A YOUNG WILD-CAT I KNEW ONCE BY THE NAME OF TOM HALLAWAY!!



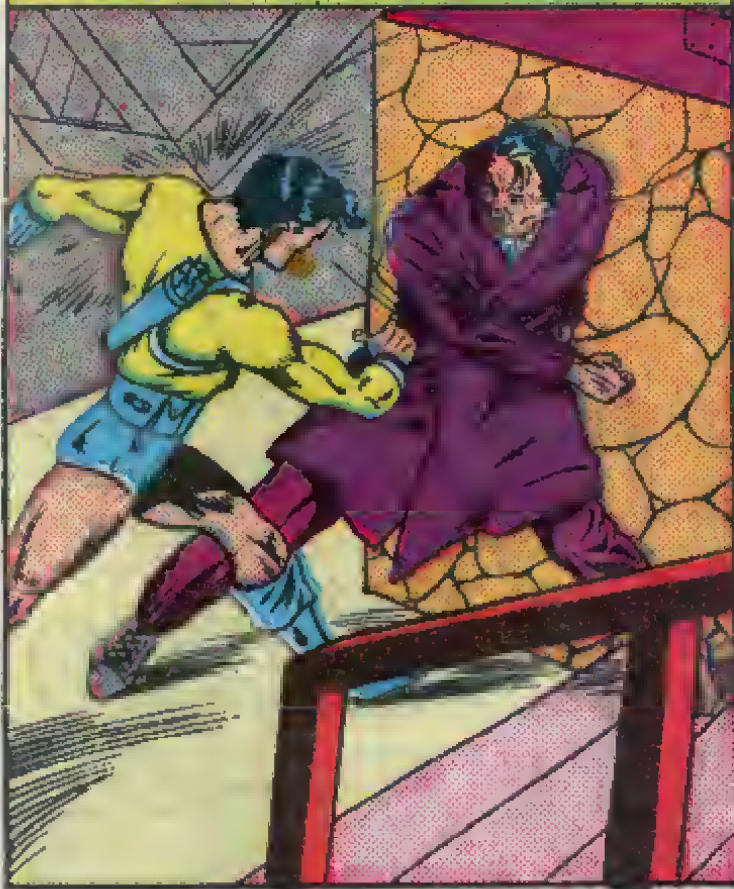
WHAT??

MOVING QUICKLY, THE SPIDER CLOSES IN ON HIS OPPONENT AND STOPS.. STARTLED IN AMAZEEMENT...



WELL I'LL BE...H

OFF GUARD THE MYSTERIOUS KILLER CRASHES DOWN ON THE SPIDER,, SENDING HIM TO THE FLOOR,,



THE RATS HERE WILL HAVE A GOOD MEAL, MR. SPIDER,, AND IN THE MORNING... THERE WILL ONLY BE YOUR SKELETON LEFT HA..HA,,HA!!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT ARTHUR HENDERSON'S LAWYER'S OFFICE

A MR. HALLAWAY TO SEE YOU SIR!!

THANK YOU.. SEND HIM IN!!



WELL, THERE'S SOMETHING I'D LIKE TO EXPLAIN, HE LEFT IT TO ME TO PROTECT THE LIFE OF HIS DAUGHTER FROM SOMEONE WHO THREATENED TO KILL HER SHOULD SHE BECOME HER..

HIS HALF-BROTHER.. I HUNTED WITH HENDERSON, HIS DAUGHTER AND HIS OTHER HALF-BROTHER 10 YEARS AGO IN AFRICA! IT'S A SHAME THIS HALF BROTHER HAD TO TURN FROM THE WORLD'S BEST MARKSMAN,, TO A MURDERING SHYSTER!!

AS TOM HALLAWAY STEPS INTO THE OFFICE,,



UH!! HIM!! !!

I UNDERSTAND I'M THE HEIR TO ARTHUR HENDERSON'S ESTATE!!

Y-YES...ER.. BY WHOM?



ARTHUR'S ADOPTED DAUGHTER!

YES!! AND I WOULDN'T MOVE A HAIR UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE IF I WERE YOU... SHE'D PROBABLY SPILT IT AT THAT SHORT DISTANCE!! S'LONG,, CHUMP!!

PRETTY CLEVER OF YOU TO TELL MY SECRETARY THAT YOU WERE TOM HALLAWAY, SO YOU COULD GET TO ME! TOO BAD,, BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE AN ACCIDENTAL DIVE OUT THAT WINDOW,,, MR. SPIDER!!

BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING TAKE A LOOK AT THE ROOF OF THE WAGNER HOTEL!!



UH!



More of Alias The Spider in the next issue of CRACK COMICS.

**PLENTY!
BUT I
DASSN'T
SHOW 'EM
TO YUH—
IT'S TOO
DANGEROUS**

AWRIGHT
BUT I AINT
RESPONSIBLE
FER WHAT
HAPPENS!!

YEAN!

10

ME TOO...
MOVE
OVER!

SON WE BEEN
SLEEPIN' FER
SIX MONTHS!
I TOLD YUH
THET DERN
STUFF WUZ
CONTAGEOUS!!



I'M ALLERGIC TO CROOKS!

EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME!! I DUNNO... I GO OUT FOR A FARE AND ALL I GET IS TROUBLE... WELL, THAT'S A TAXI DRIVER'S LIFE!!!

AW GO SINK A SUB IN A TUB, BUB!

I HAD THE RIGHT OF WAY!

HEY HACK! TELL US ABOUT THE TIME YOU KO'ED LOUIE THE LUG!

MIDTOWN ON A BUSY AFTERNOON, HACK'S CAB MEETS A SNOOTY LIMOUSINE.....



WHAT'S THE BLANKETY BLANK IDEA? YOU BLASTED... HACKS SHOULD BE KICKED OFF THE STREETS.



TRAFFIC IS SOON SNARLED UP AS CHAUFFEUR AND CABBY SWAP WORDS WITH BLOWS.....





AFTER FURTHER EXPLANATION,
THE WOMAN HAS HACK DRIVE
TO THE CLUB SWANQUE....



WHEN THE EAST INDIAN COMES
OUT OF THE CLUB...



AT THE PRINCE'S HOME..

THE DAME
SAID FOLLOW
HIM... SO
I'M
FOLLOWIN'!!



BUT THE SURPRISE IS ALL HIS
AS THE PRINCE WHIRLS...



THE CABBY!!! OH
MY DEAR CHAP, I'M
DREADFULLY SORRY...
DID I NEGLECT TO
PAY MY FARE?



FORGET IT,
MY GOOD MAN..
AH, I SEE
I'VE HURT YOUR
BACK... I'LL
REMEDY
THAT..



I HAVE A RARE
ASSORTMENT OF
MEDICINAL HERBS AND
DRUGS... HOBBY OF
MINE..

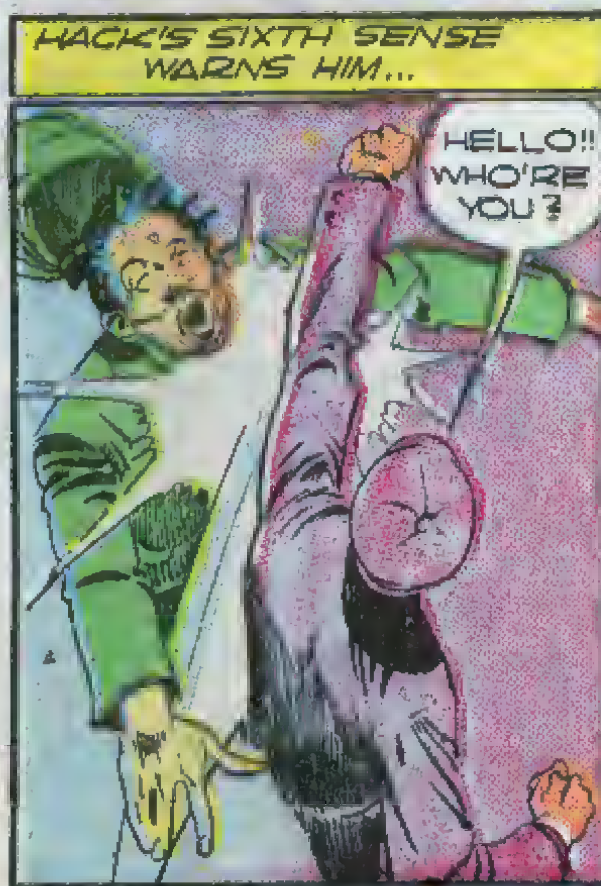
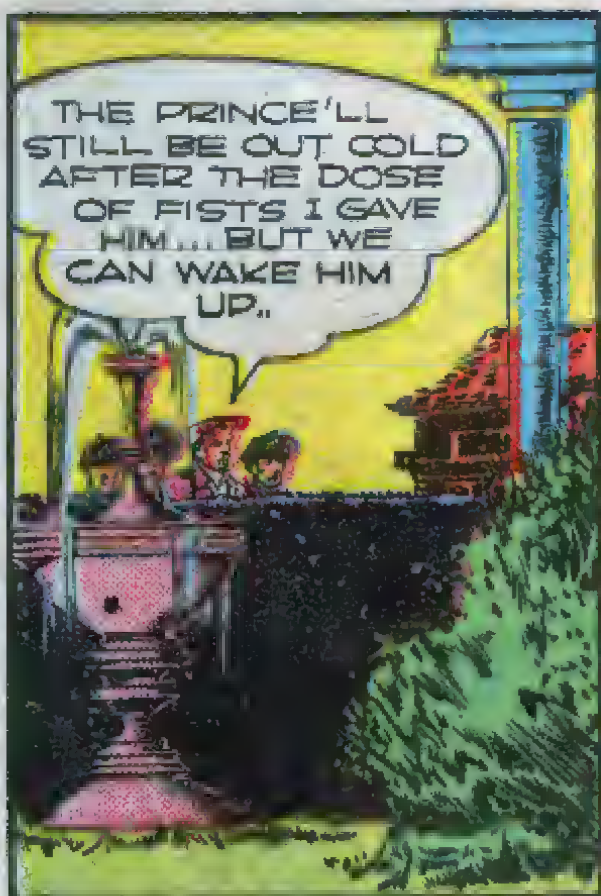
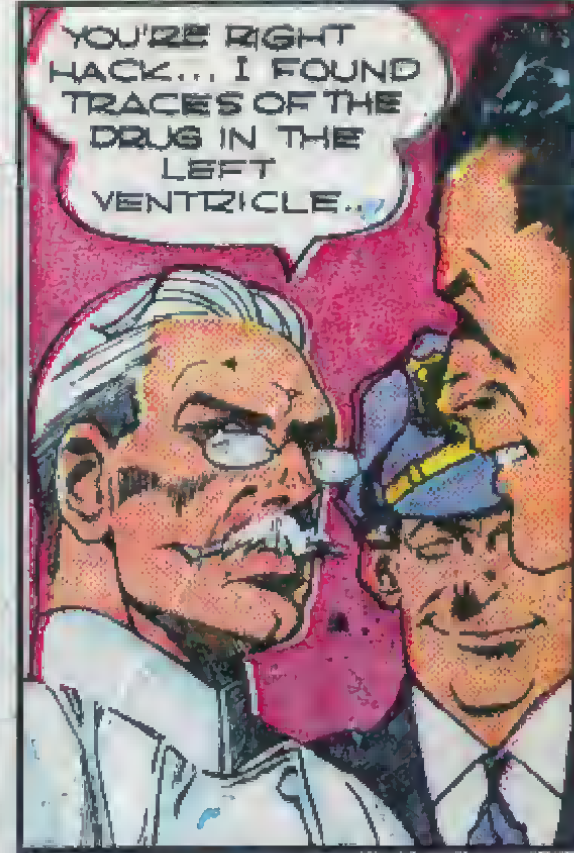
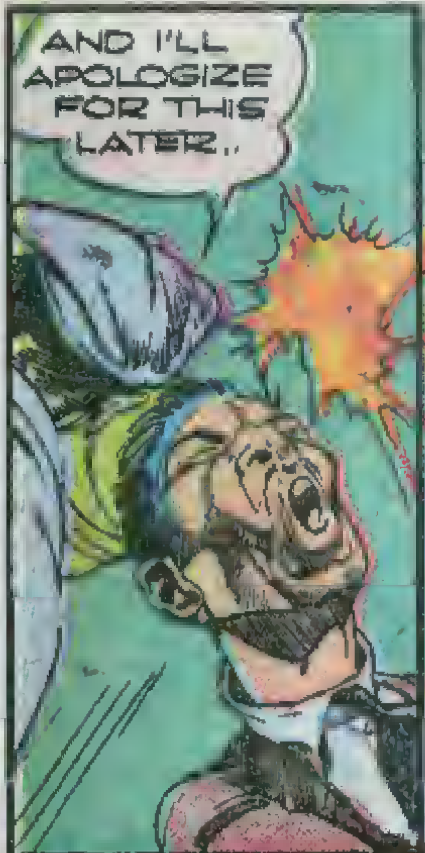


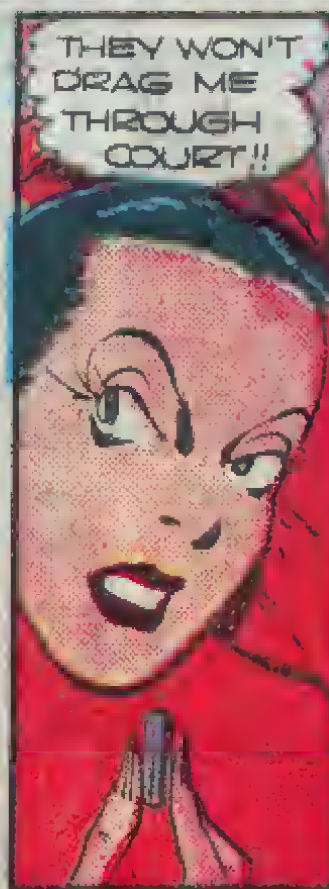
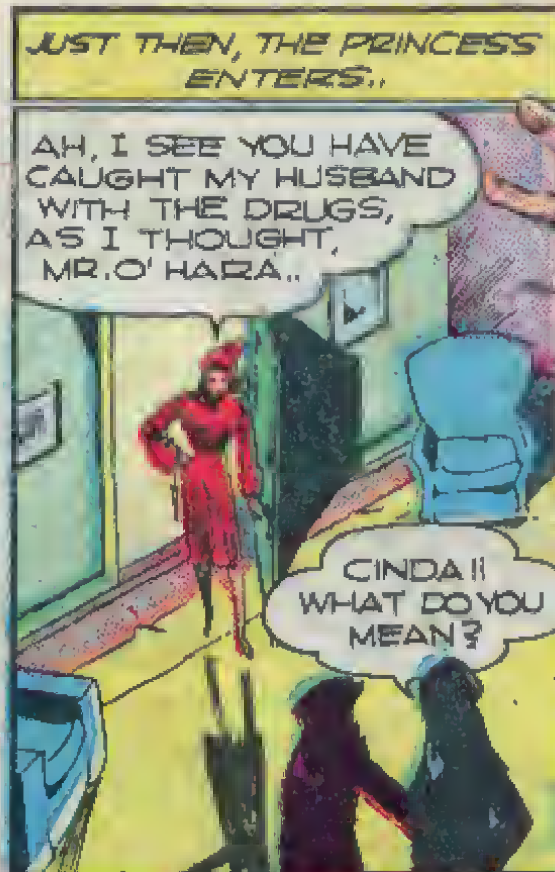
RATHER DANGEROUS
CHESTFUL TOO... THE
POWDER IN THAT
SMALL RED JAR IS
VERY DEADLY...
CAUSES
HEART-FAILURE
AFTER ONE HOUR..
VERY HARD
TO DETECT..



YEAH? WELL THAT'S ALL
I WANT TO KNOW!!
GIVE ME
THAT!!







NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY H.W. JEREW

THESE YOUNGSTERS SEEM TO WANT YOUR AUTOGRAPH MORE THAN THEY WANT TO SEE THE BENEFIT SHOW, NED

THAT MIGHT BE BECAUSE NED AND THE CONFERENCE CHAMP, JAMMER STEEL, ARE JUST FIGHTING AN EXHIBITION BOUT FOR THEM

JUST BECAUSE THIS IS FOR NEEDY FAMILIES, DON'T THINK JAMMER WON'T KNOCK YOU OUT IF HE GETS A CHANCE

NO, I DON'T THINK HE'S THAT SORT OF A GUY

WHAT I OUGHT TO BE EXAMINING IS YOUR HEAD, BRANT, FOR GETTING INTO THE RING WITH THE CHAMP

ARE HIS BANDAGES ALL RIGHT, OR AREN'T THEY? THAT'S ALL THE CONVERSATION WE NEED FROM YOU!

WIPE THAT GREASE OFF THE CHAMP'S FACE, REFEREE!

NONE OF THAT, STEEL!

SHAKE HANDS NOW AND COME OUT FIGHTING AT THE BELL

YOU HEARD THAT, DIDN'T YOU, SON? HE SAID, FIGHTING!

AS THE BELL CLANGS, STEEL THE CHAMP RUSHES AT BRANT WHO IS JUST GETTING UP FROM HIS STOOL..

TOO LATE COMES THE WARNING FROM JAKE, NED BRANT'S TRAINER.

NED-LOOK OUT!

GOSH, HE'S STILL OUT!

ONE SIDE, PLEASE!

JUST LIE QUIET, NED

W-WHERE AM I?

BUT-ALL THOSE SWELL KIDS-I HATE TO FACE THEM!

YOU'LL GET ANOTHER CHANCE AT THE CHAMP IN THE CONFERENCE TOURNAMENT-IT'LL BE A MUCH DIFFERENT STORY THEN!

WE THINK YOU CAN LICK THE CHAMP, NED!

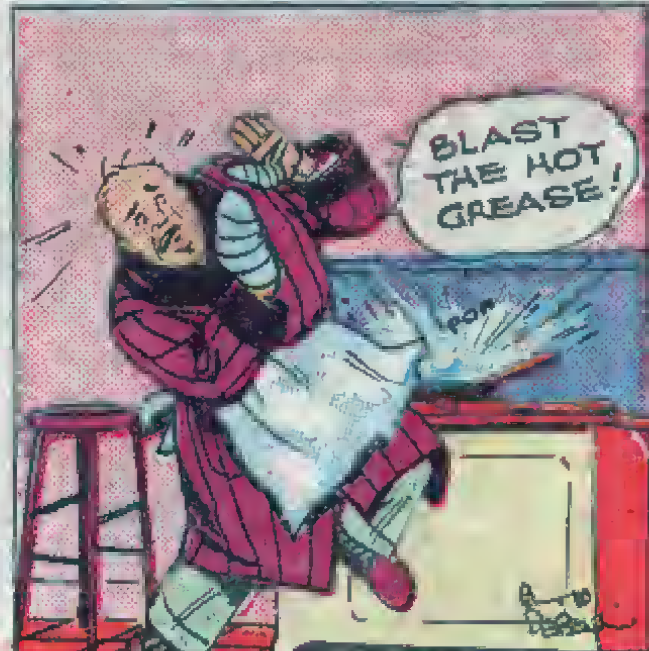
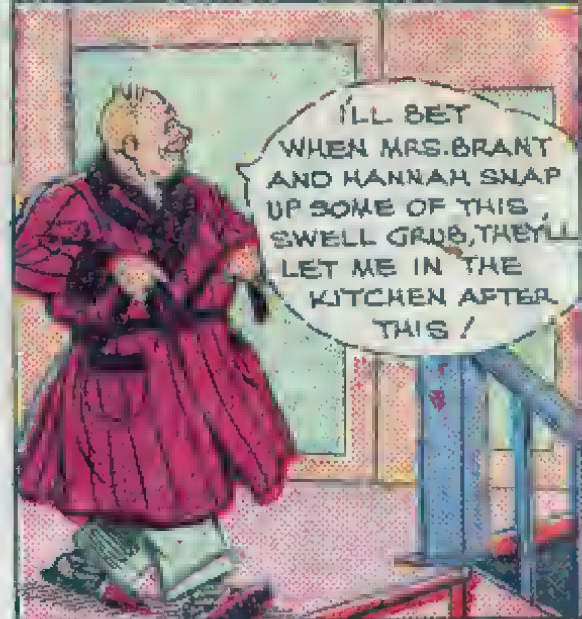
HE FOUGHT DIRTY, NED!

WHAT HE DID WAS NOT AGAINST THE RULES, BOYS-HE CAUGHT ME NAPPING-BUT I'LL PROMISE TO DO BETTER NEXT TIME-FOR YOU GUYS!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY S. W. DEWEY



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DESSAU

NED, IF YOU LOSE THIS CONFERENCE CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT, IT WON'T BE BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT IN CONDITION

1-7

HE ISN'T GOING TO LOSE IT, BUD SHEKELS!

THAT CUP WILL BE DECORATING CARTER'S TROPHY ROOM, JUST AS SURE AS YOU'RE HALF-WITTED, BUD!

THAT PRACTICALLY MAKES IT A CINCH, I MIGHT SAY

LET THE RIGHT HAND GO ONCE, NED

I'LL CHASE THE BAG

WOW/WAIT'LL THE CHAMPION'S JAW GETS IN FRONT OF ONE OF THOSE!

HITTING JAMMER STEEL ON THE JAW ISN'T AS SIMPLE AS THAT, NED

HOW WELL I KNOW THAT!

JUST FORGET ABOUT THE LAST TIME YOU FOUGHT HIM - IT WAS ONLY AN EXHIBITION

HE KNOCKED ME STIFF WITH ONE PUNCH!

I JUST HOPE HE TRIES AGAIN THAT RUNNING ACROSS THE RING AT YOU LIKE A TRACK MAN!

SEE WHO THAT IS COMING UP THE STAIRS, ONE OF YOU - DON'T THEY KNOW THIS IS A PRIVATE WORKOUT?

JAKE THE TRAINER

I'LL GO, JAKE

WHY - IT'S JAMMER STEEL, THE CHAMPION!

JUST WANTED TO SEE HOW MY DELICATE OPPONENT TRAINS - DOES HE BLOW SOAP BUBBLES TO STRENGTHEN HIS LUNGS?

TAKE IT EASY, NED - SAVE THAT FOR NEXT WEEK!

I THINK HIS EYEBROWS NEED PLUCKING - AND YOU MIGHT POWDER HIS NOSE!

AND WHILE YOU'RE DOING THAT WE'LL POWDER YOUR SKULL - UNLESS YOU FEEL LIKE LEAVING!

OH, GOT YOUR GANG WITH YOU, EH BRANT?

WELL, YOU CAN'T TAKE THEM IN THE RING WITH YOU NEXT WEEK!

NO, AND I DON'T THINK I'LL NEED THEM EITHER!

B. W. DESSAU

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--THE MAIN BOAT OF THE EVENING, FOR THE BIG B CONFERENCE LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP--IN THIS CORNER, WEIGHING 170 POUNDS, WEARING PURPLE TRUNKS, NED BRANT OF CARTER COLLEGE--IN THIS CORNER, WEIGHING 175, WEARING BLACK TRUNKS, JAMMER STEELE OF COLERAINE, THE CHAMPION!

SINCE THIS HAS BEEN ADVERTISED AS A GRUDGE FIGHT, I WARN BOTH OF YOU AGAINST INFRACTIONS OF THE RULES--WHEN I TELL YOU TO BREAK I WANT YOU TO STEP BACK--YOU WILL SHAKE HANDS NOW AND COME OUT FIGHTING AT THE BELL!

BOX HIM, NED--DON'T TRY TO SLUG IT OUT WITH HIM!

WHY DON'T THEY RING THAT BELL?

THROWING CAUTION TO THE WIND, BRANT AND STEEL RUSH AT EACH OTHER AS THE GONG SOUNDS--

MAKING NO ATTEMPT AT DEFENSE, THEY EXCHANGE TERRIFIC RIGHTS--AND BRANT'S KNEES BUCKLE!

STEEL DRIVES BRANT ACROSS THE RING, LANDING PUNISHING BLOWS TO NED'S BODY!

NED--PUT UP YOUR HANDS!

THE CROWD VOICES ITS DISAPPROVAL OF THE CHAMPION'S TACTICS AS STEEL FORCES NED BACKWARD AGAINST THE ROPES--

BOOOOOOOO!

JAKE--DID YOU SEE THAT?

HE ACTUALLY WINKED AT US, BUD!

APPARENTLY HELPLESS, NED BRANT IS AN EASY TARGET FOR STEEL'S LETHAL RIGHT--

IT'S A BLACKOUT, BRANT!

THIS IS TOO EASY!

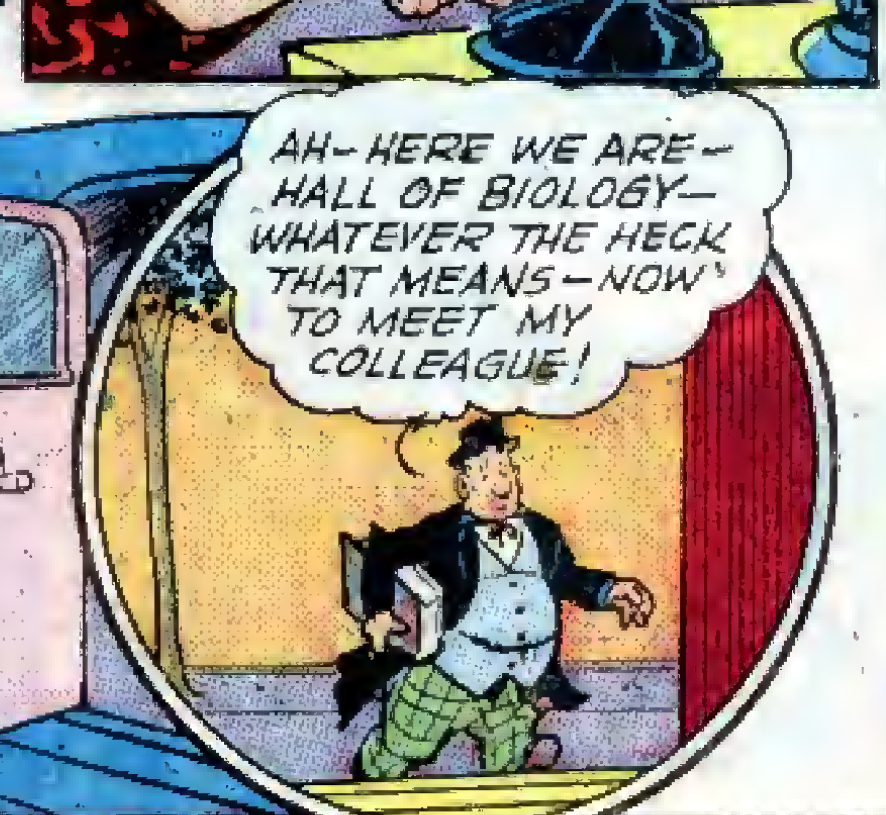
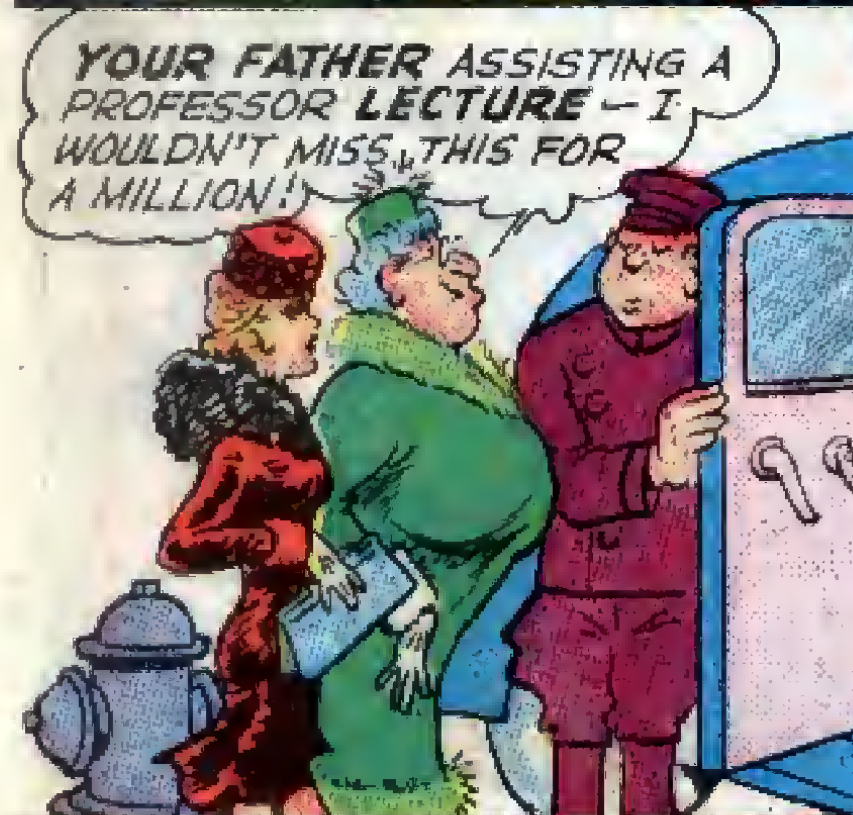
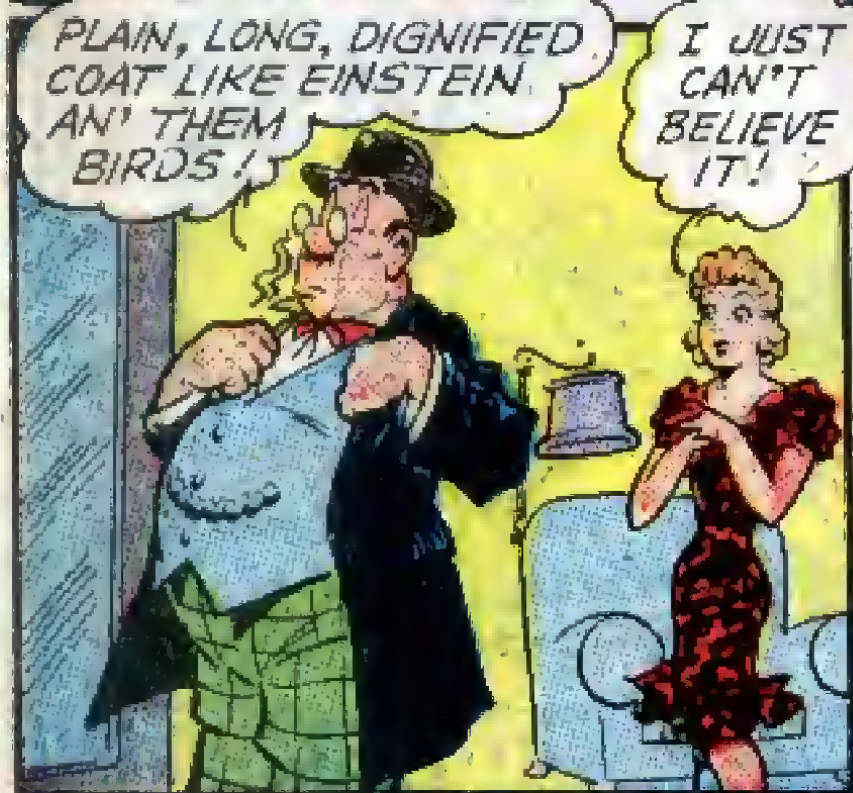
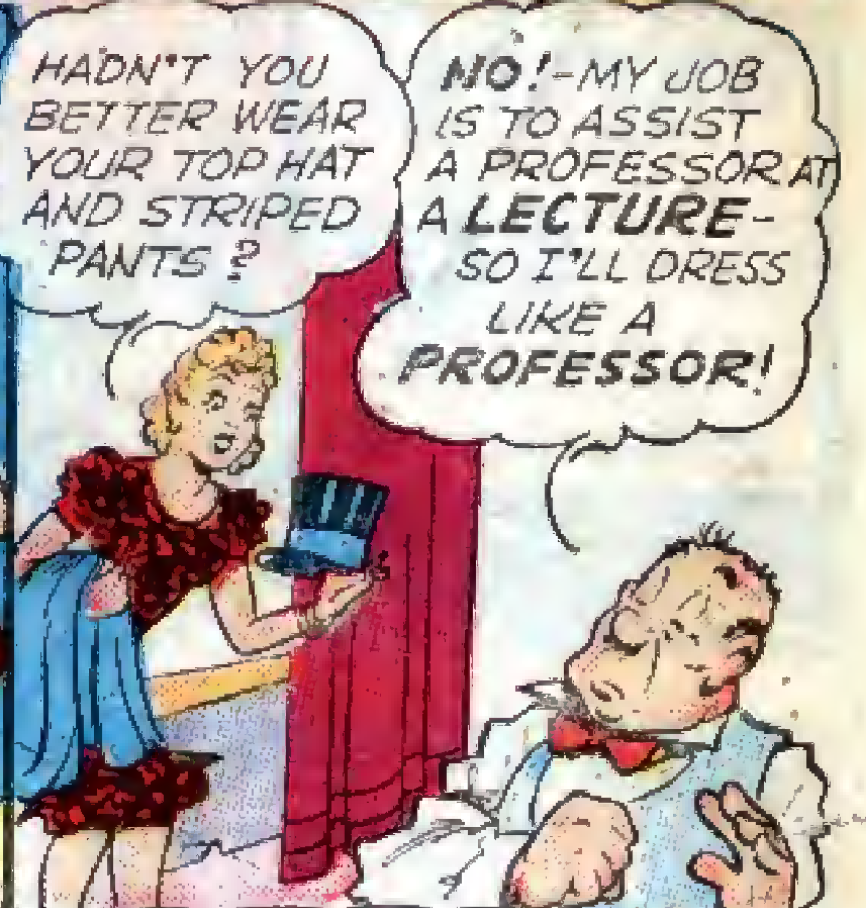
JUST AS STEEL IS ABOUT TO LAND THAT DEVASTATING PUNCH, BRANT, WHO HAS TRICKED THE CHAMP INTO THINKING HE WAS ON THE VERGE OF A KNOCKOUT, WHIPS A SMASHING RIGHT UPPERCUT TO JAMMER'S JAW!

EIGHT--NINE--TEN!

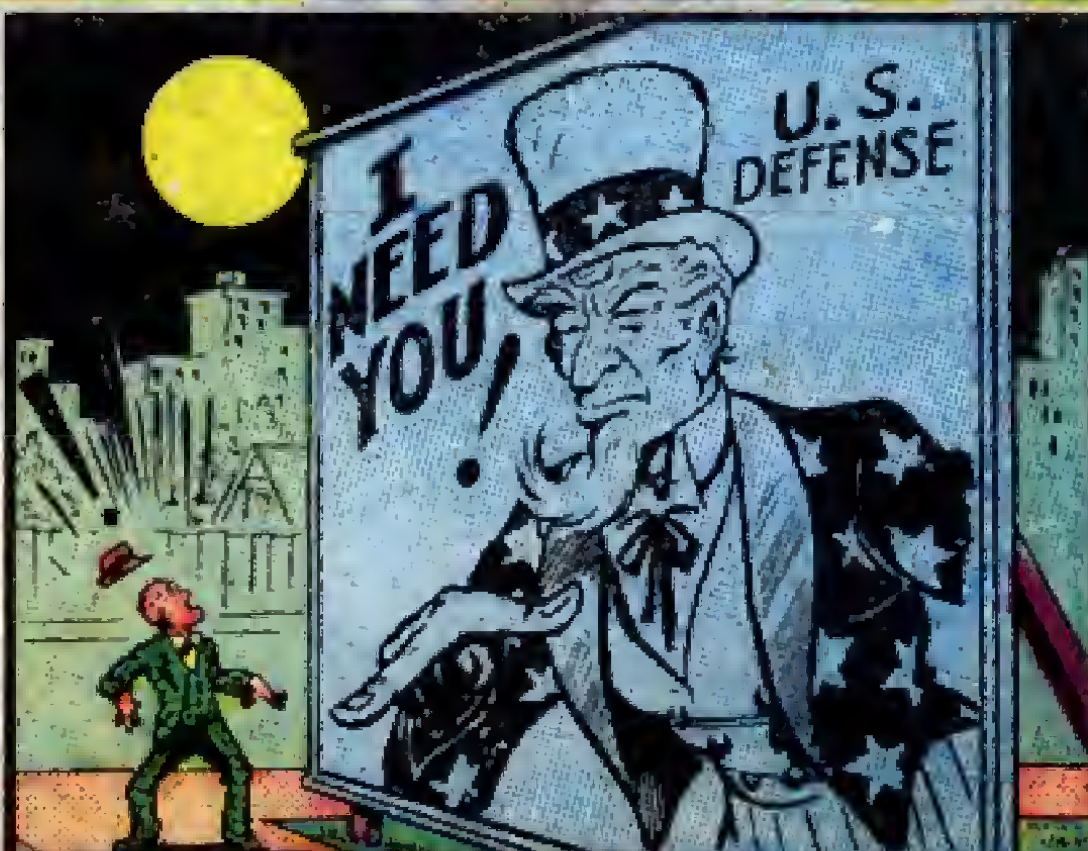
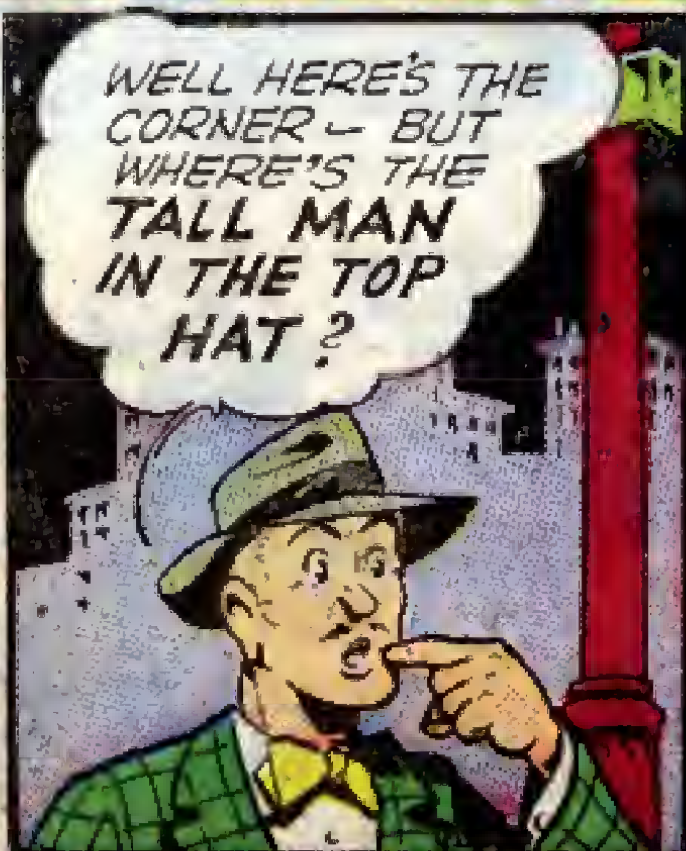
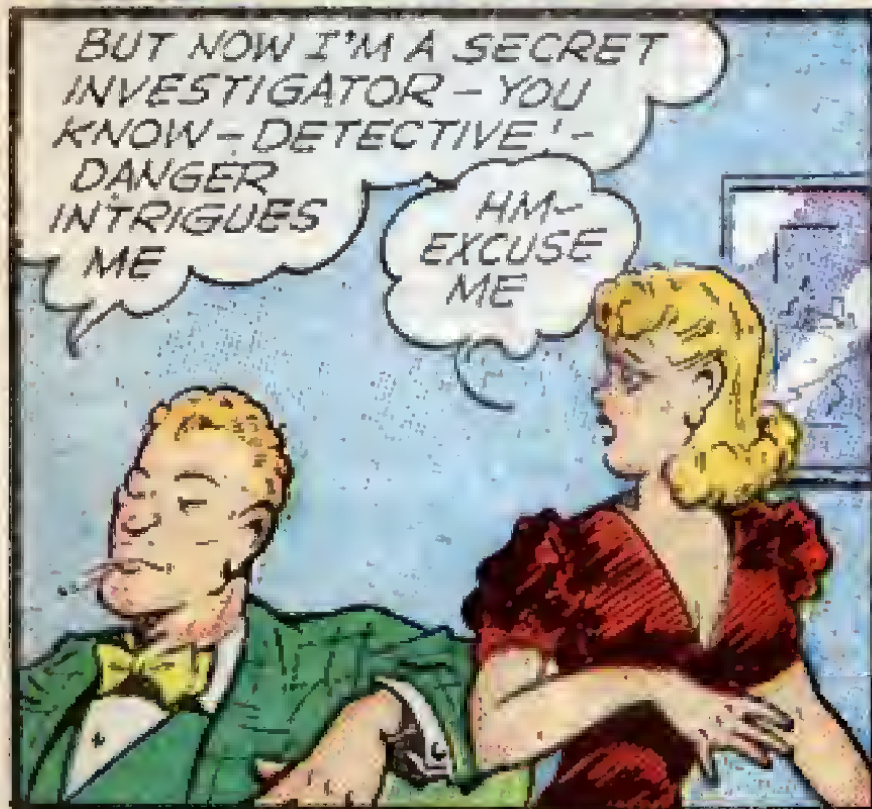
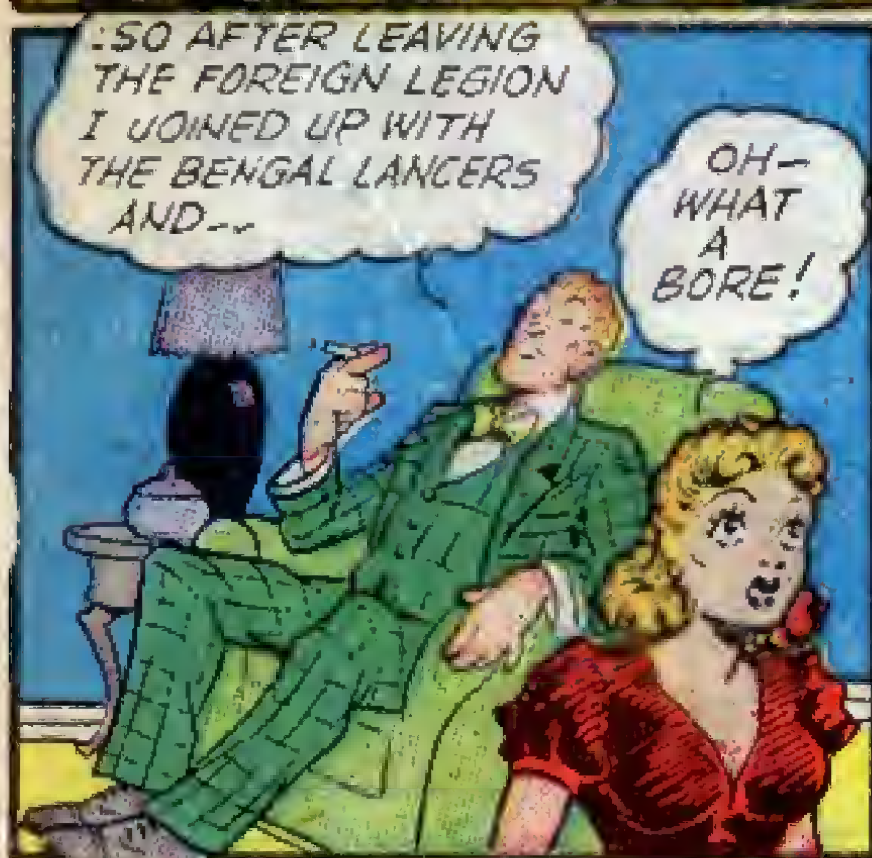
HE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT! MEET THE NEW CHAMPION, NED BRANT!

Ned Brant is continued next month in CRACK COMICS.

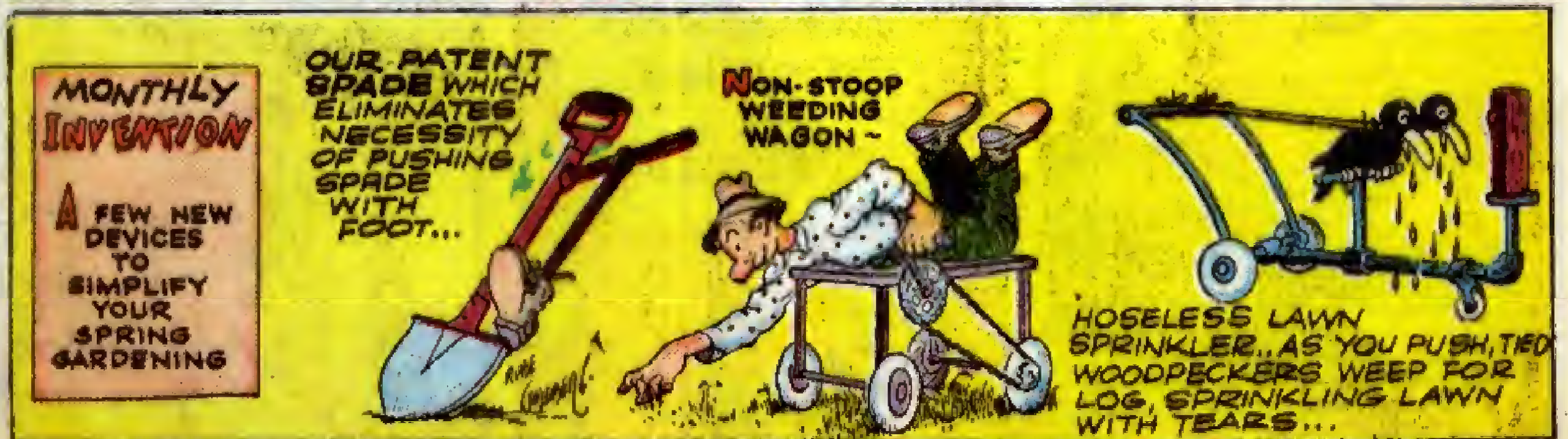
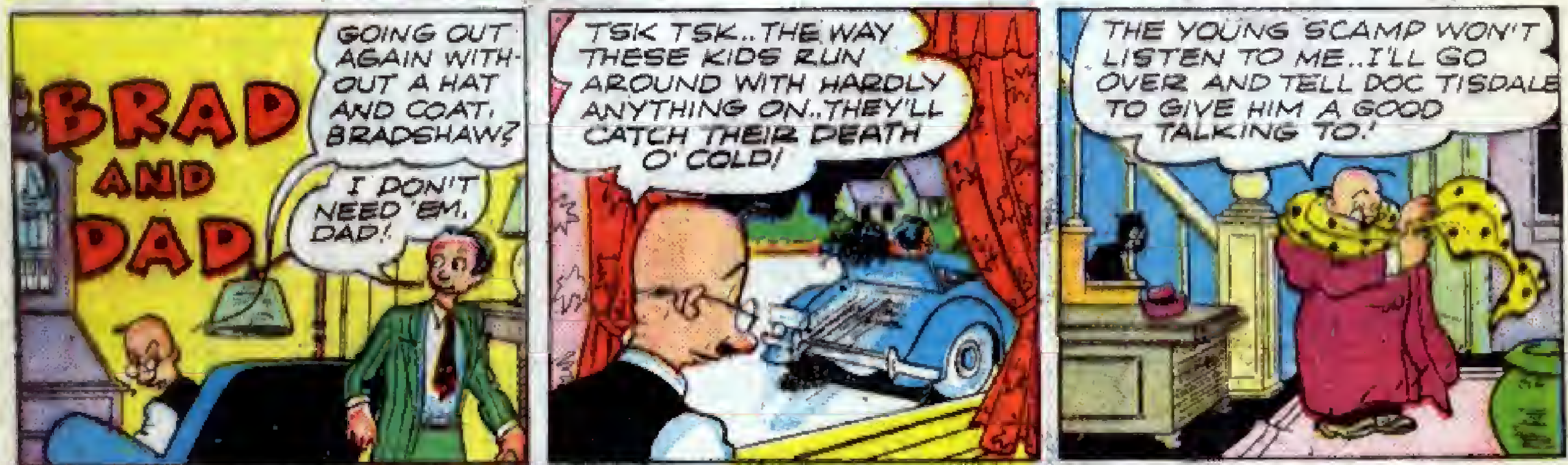
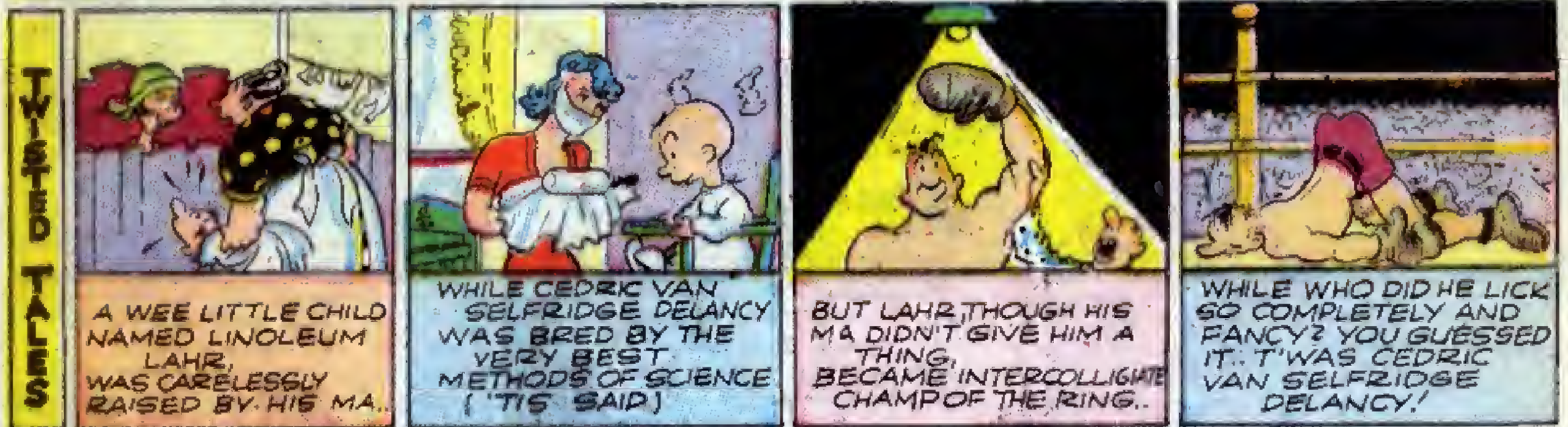
MOLLY the MODEL



MOLLY the MODEL



Molly The Model is a riot of fun in the next issue of CRACK COMICS.



Buy CRACK COMICS each month from your regular newsdealer.

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FATAL

by Art Dinkley 1947



TO FIGHT CRIME
SCRAPPY NELSON AND
TUBBY WHITE, HAVE
OPENED UP THE SURE-
FIRE DETECTIVE
AGENCY, AND HAVE
SWORN TO PROTECT
MADAM FATAL FROM
ANY HARM.... BUT
DO THEY SUSPECT
THAT "SHE" IS NONE
OTHER THAN THEIR
OLD FRIEND RICHARD
STANTON, FORMER
ACTOR.....

ON A VACANT LOT...

BOY-O-BOY! WAIT'LL
MR. STANTON AND
DETECTIVE DUFFY
SEE OUR NEW SIGN-
HERE THEY
COME NOW!

SURE-FIRE
DETECTIVE
AGENCY

OFFICE

HA HA!! IF YOU
BOYS COME NEAR
A SPY I'D EAT
MY HAT.... HO HO!

CAN'T
TELL,
DUFFY!

SPIES AND
SABOTAGE
A
SPECIALTY

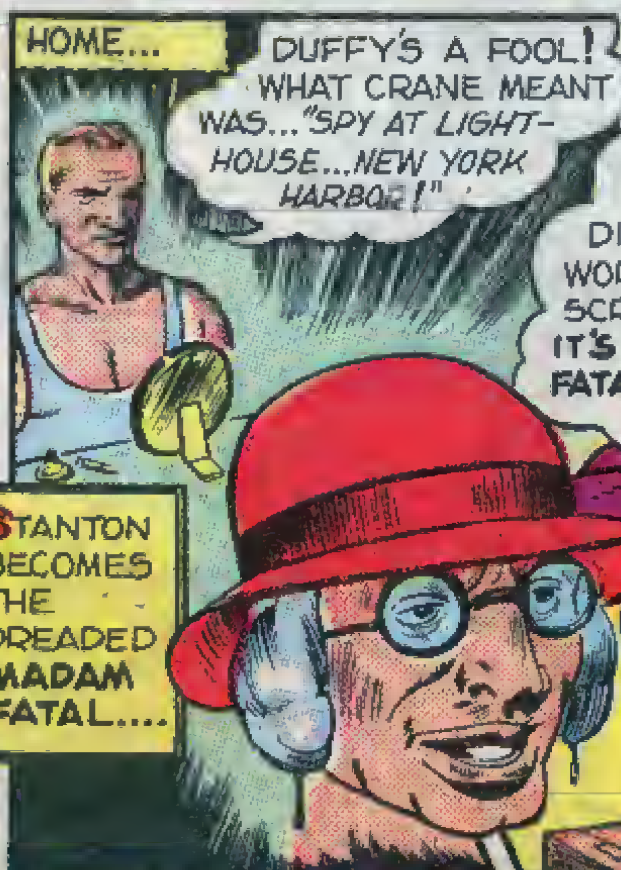
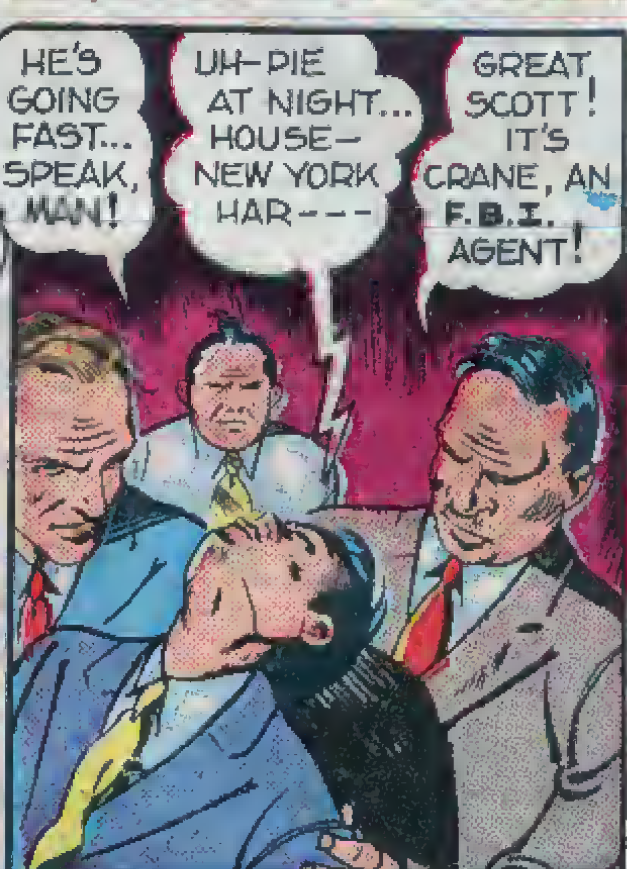
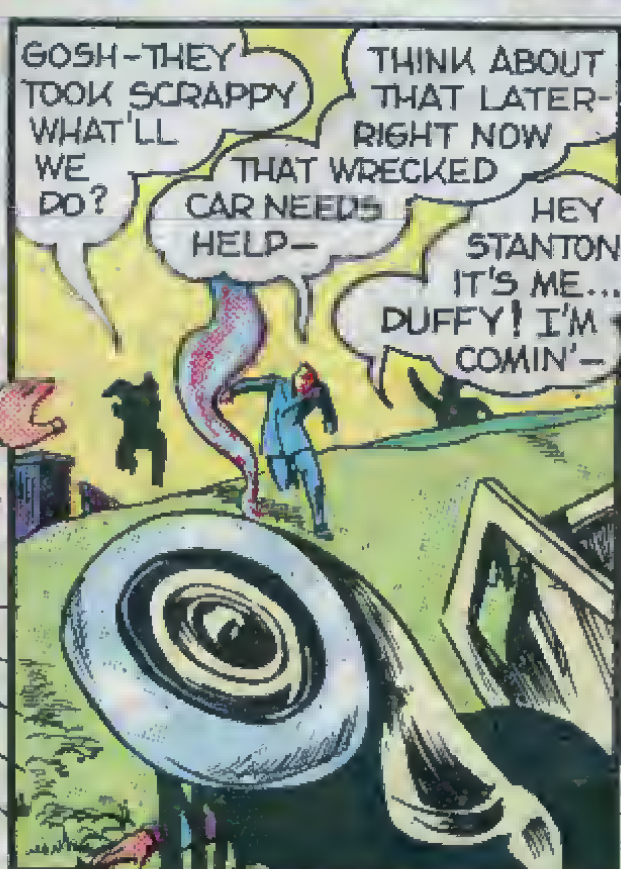
HECK!
THAT GUY
MAKES ME
MAD-
WE'LL
SHOW
'IM-!
(I HOPE)

HEY!
LOOK-

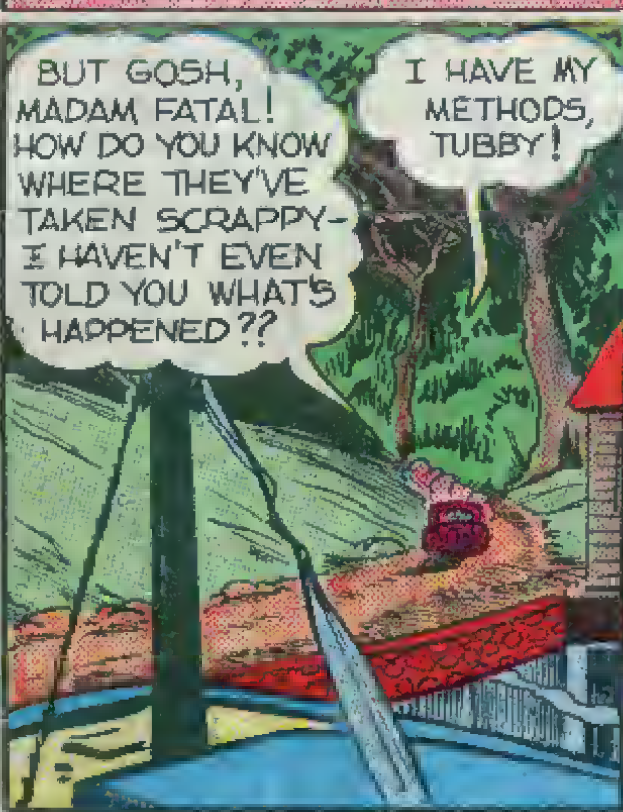
NOW CALM
DOWN, TUBBY!



DOWN THE STREET COME TWO
CARS RACING MADLY....



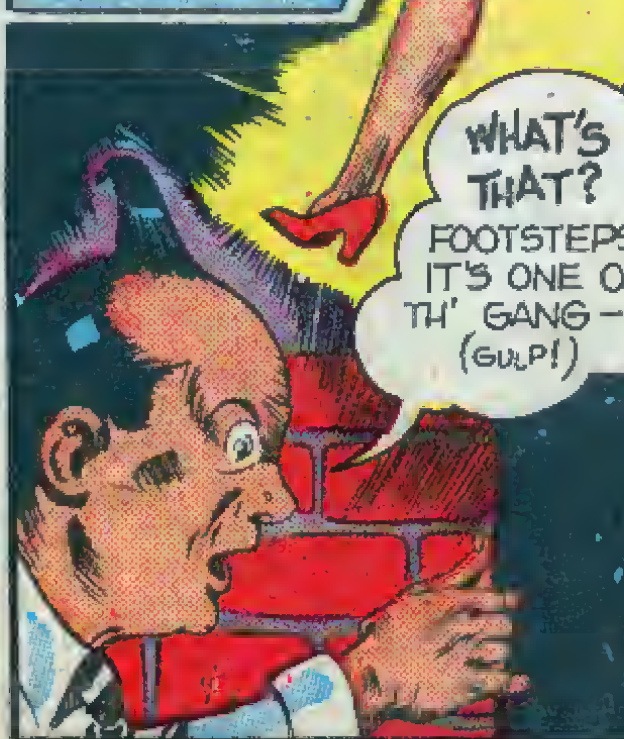
THEY SPEED ALONG THE WATERFRONT



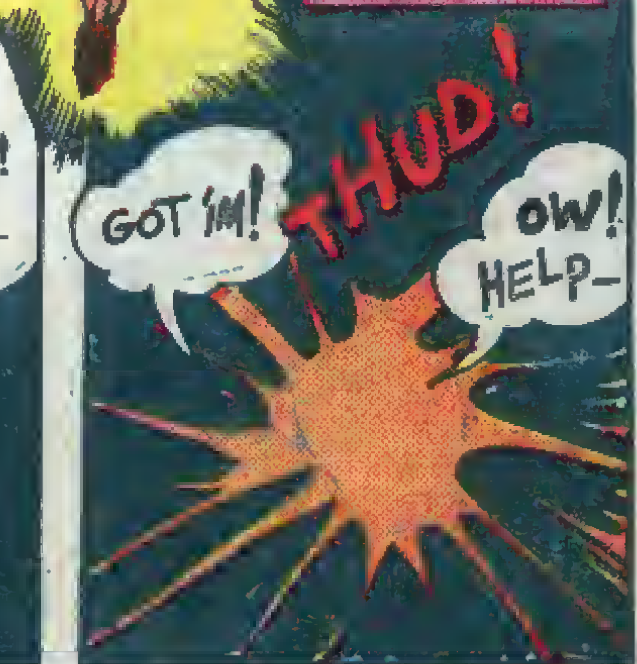
AS TUBBY REACHES THE DOOR...

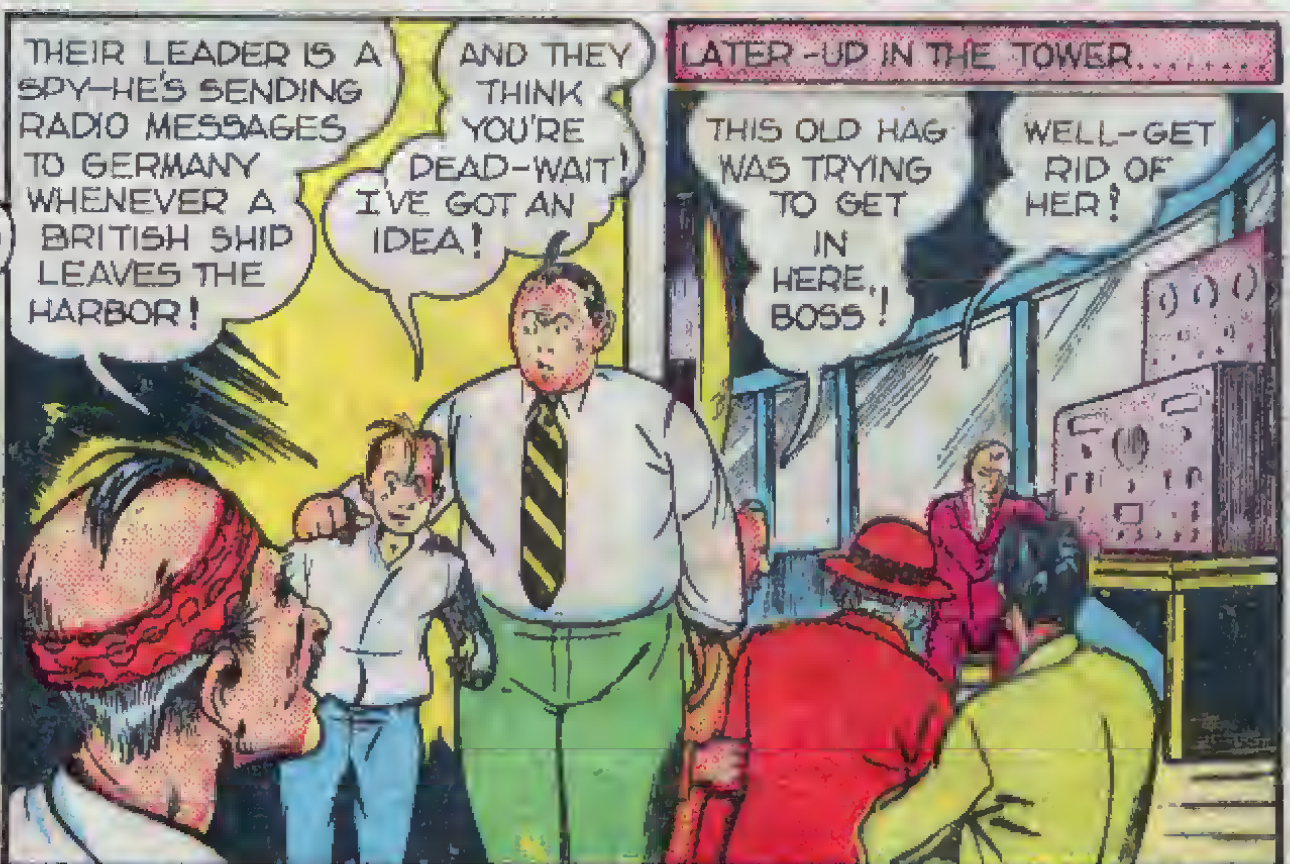
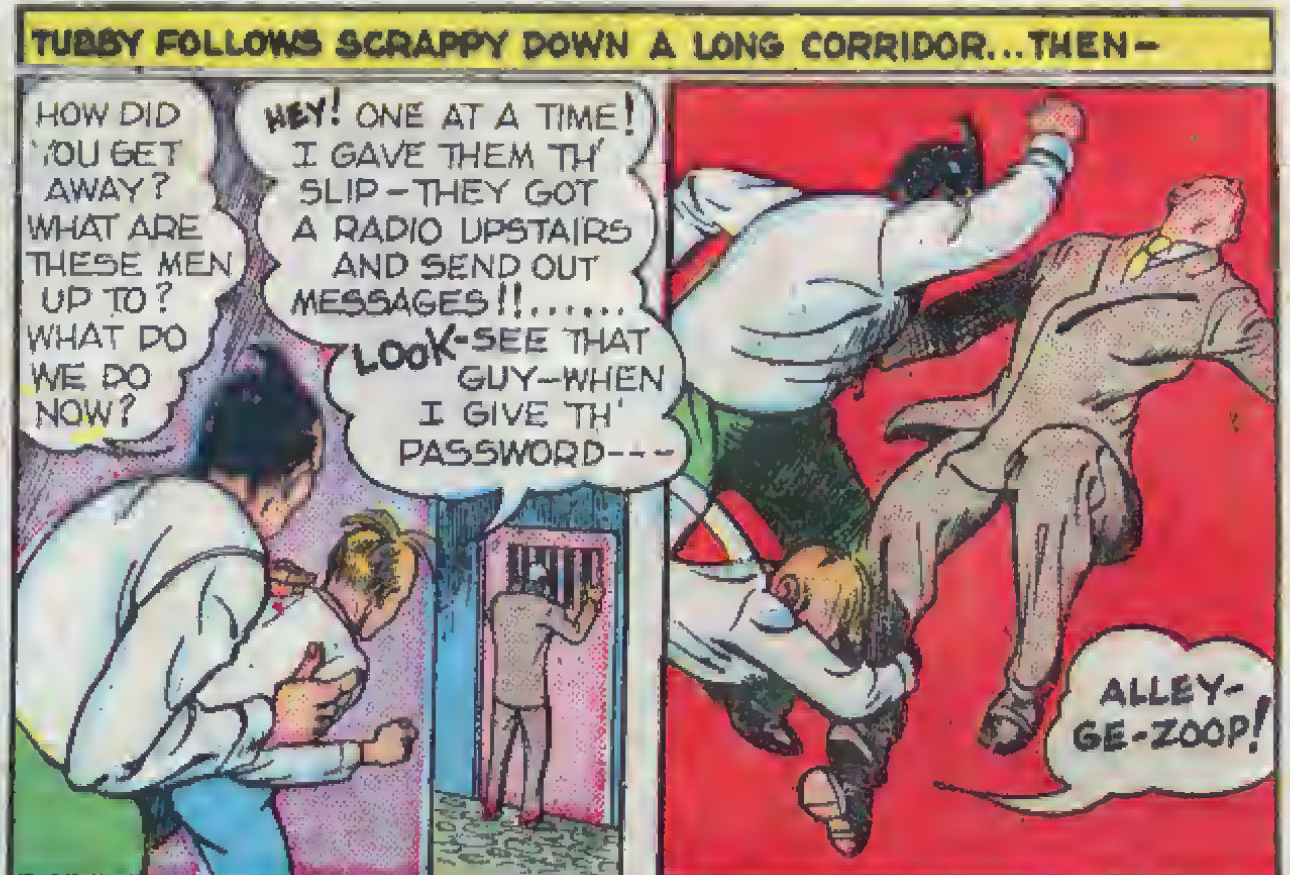


IN THE DARK DEPTHS OF THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE



AS THE FIGURE COMES NEARED, TUBBY LEAPS AT IT...





AS THEY PASS THE DOOR.....



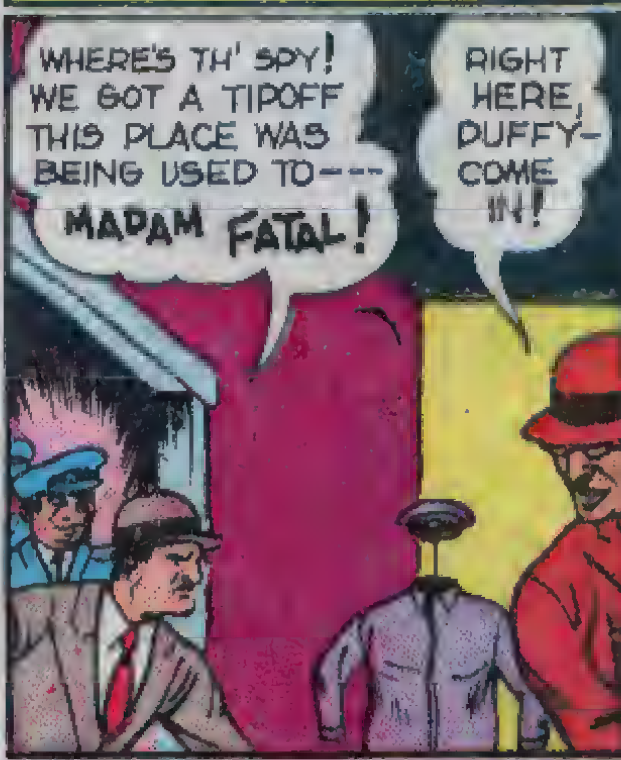
BY JEEPERS!! I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN SINCE DEWEY TOOK MANILA-- HEH-HEH!



BUT THE SPY IS NOT FOOLED.



SUDDENLY DETECTIVE DUFFY AND HIS MEN BURST INTO THE ROOM...



More of Madam Fatal in the next issue of CRACK COMICS.

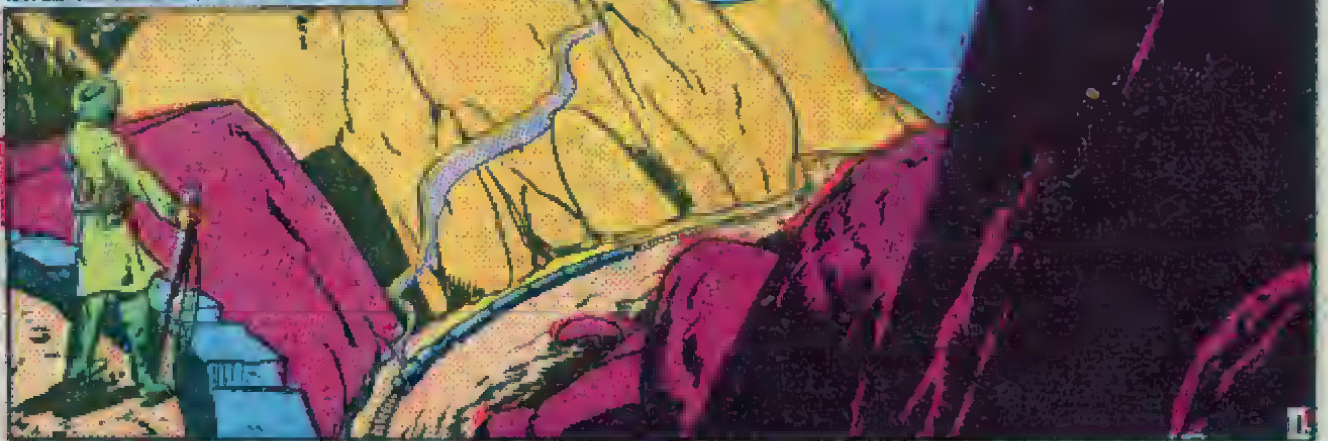
DON Q

by VERNON
HENKEL



WHERE PEACE
TREATIES AND FRIENDLY
MISSIONS FAIL, YOU WILL
FIND THE GLOBE TROTTING
ADVENTURER AND
INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMAT,
DON Q... AND WHERE-
EVER HE IS THERE IS
DANGER!!

A TRAIN CLATTERS THROUGH THE KHYBER
PASS, GATEWAY TO INDIA FROM THE WILDS
OF AFGHANISTAN...



ON THE TRAIN SIR CEDRIC BEDFORD
LEANS CLOSE TO HIS FRIEND DON Q

I'M TELLING YOU AS AN
HONEST MAN I'LL FEEL
A GREAT DEAL SAFER
WHEN I DELIVER THE
RED STONE TO THE
RAJAH OF JALNPUR!!

THEY SAY THE
GREAT RUBY HAS
AN EXCITING
STORY.. TELL
ME ABOUT
IT, SIR
CEDRIC!!

AYE, DON, THERE
IS A TALE ABOUT
THIS STONE THAT
MAKES THE HEART
BEAT FAST.. A
TALE OF BLOOD!!

IT WAS THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE YEAR
OF THE FIRE TIGER WHEN KUBLAI KHAN,
LORD OF THE EARTH, SENT A MESSENGER
TO FAR OFF JUANPUR TO GET THE
MOST PRECIOUS THING IN THE WORLD...

..A GIFT OF THE GREAT ANCESTOR
OF THE RAJAH OF JUANPUR... THE
GREAT STONE...

LONG LIFE! O
GRACIOUS ONE..
KUBLAI KHAN
WILL BE
PLEASED!!

BUT EYES, OTHER THAN THE MES-
SENGERS FALL ON THE RUBY..TEBET,
THE TARTAR PRINCE GLARES..

FAITH! MAY A THOUSAND
HORSES TRAMPLE ME IF
I HAVE EVER SEEN A
TREASURE MORE BEAUTIFUL!
..THE RED STONE MUST
NEVER REACH KUBLAI KHAN!

THE EVIL TEBET KNEW HE COULD NOT
STEAL THE RUBY AS LONG AS IT
REMAINED IN THE RAJAH'S REALM,
SO HE SENT FOR HIS MOST BEAUTIFUL
SLAVE GIRL...

AIJURAC, YOU
MUST MAKE LOVE
TO THE MESSENGER
OF THE KHAN!

AND SO THE UNWARY MESSENGER
BECAME THE VICTIM OF AIJURAC'S
ATTENTIONS.. THEY WERE SEEN
TOGETHER MANY TIMES.. FINALLY...

O' HERALD FROM
THE FAR KINGDOM
OF CATHAY, TAKE
ME WITH YOU TO
THE WONDROUS LANDS
YOU TELL OF!

AIJURAC,
TONIGHT I
DEPART! MEET ME
AT THE
POSTERN
GATE!

THE JOURNEY WILL BE
LONG AND HARD.. OVER
THE LONG ROAD OF TARTARY
..ACROSS THE SNOWBOUND
ROOF OF THE WORLD.. AND
THROUGH THE SINGING SANDS
OF THE GOBI... BUT
YOU WILL BE WITH ME!

..BUT THE SLAVE GIRL HAD OTHER
PLANS AND ONE NIGHT WHEN THEY
CAMPED IN THE KHAS HILLS SHE
STEALTHILY APPROACHED HER LOVER,
A DAGGER GLEAMING IN HER HAND...

HE IS ASLEEP..
ONE THRUST AND
HE WILL BE PART-
ED FOREVER
FROM THE GREAT
RUBY!!

.. AND SO THE MESSENGER DIED
AND THE GREAT RUBY NEVER REACHED
KUBLAI KHAN....



THE SLAVE-GIRL BROUGHT THE JEWEL
TO TEBET WHO REWARDED HER WITH
INSTANT DEATH BY THE SWORD TO
SAFE-GUARD HIS SECRET.....



TEBET POSSESSED THE RUBY
UNTIL HE WAS KILLED IN A
TARTAR RAID... THEN FOR A
THOUSAND YEARS IT WAS LOST
IN OBSCURITY UNTIL IT WAS
RE-DISCOVERED BY A BRITISH
EXPEDITION LAST YEAR!!



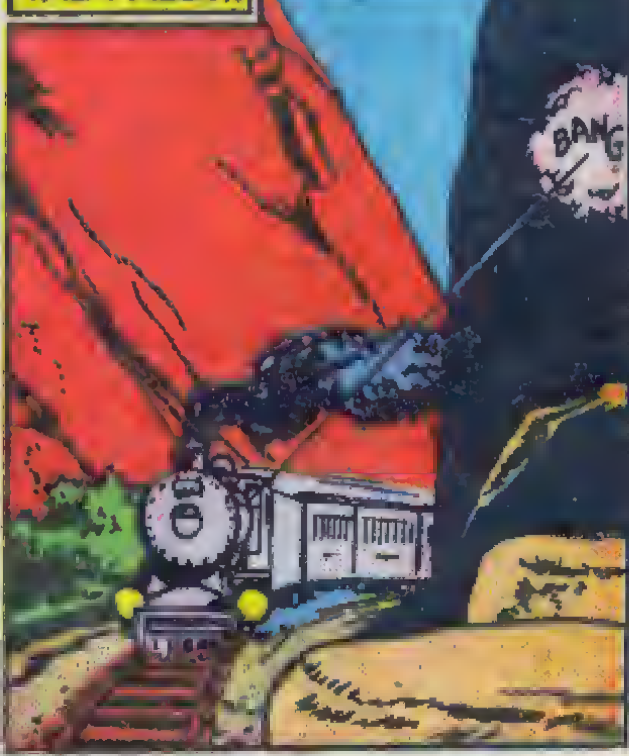
NOW, AT LAST, IT IS
BEING RETURNED TO ITS
RIGHTFUL OWNER... THIS
ANCIENT STONE MEANS
A LOT TO THE PEOPLE
OF INDIA AND WILL HELP
THEM KEEP FRIENDLY
TERMS WITH ENGLAND!



THIS IS IT... A
FLAWLESS GEM... IT'S
VALUE IS SO GREAT
THAT A PRICE FOR
IT IN MONEY COULD
HARDLY BE NAMED!



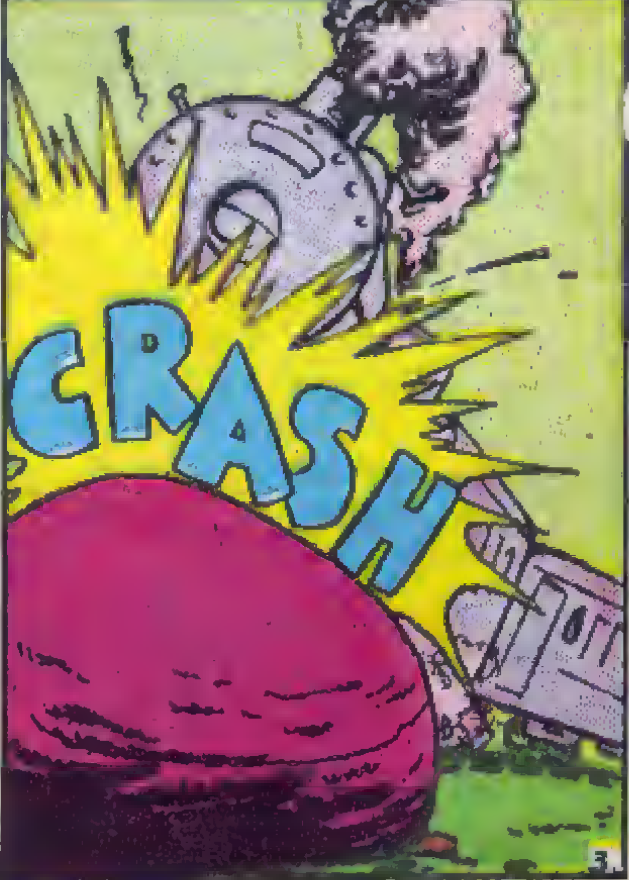
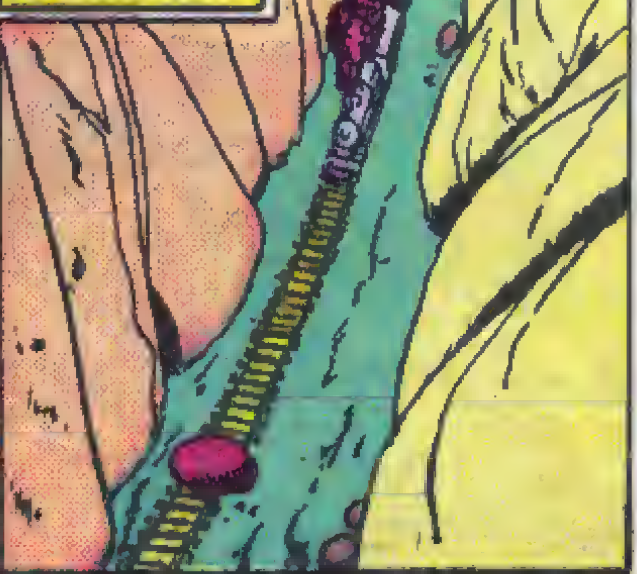
AS THE TRAIN ROUNDS A CURVE,
A RIFLE SHOT ECHOES THROUGH
THE PASS...



.. AND THE ENGINEER TOPPLES FROM
HIS CAB!!



DRIVERLESS,
THE TRAIN
THUNDERS
TOWARD A
HUGE BOULDER
IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE
TRACK...





AN INSTANT LATER, DON Q EMERGES IN NATIVE COSTUME..

THIS DISGUISE SHOULD GET ME PAST THOSE SENTRIES!!



WHAT'S THIS? A VILLAGE BELOW.. MAYBE I CAN GET PASSAGE TO JAUNPUR!!



AS DON Q ENTERS THE VILLAGE HE IS STARTLED TO FIND ONLY WOMEN IN THE STREETS

HOW GOES THE RAID IN THE MOUNTAIN PASS O' WARRIOR?



GREAT GUNS! I'VE STUMBLED ONTO THE VILLAGE OF THOSE OUT-THROATS WHO WRECKED THE TRAIN AND ARE AFTER THE RUBY!!



AFTER THE ATTACK IS SUCCESSFUL GIRL, BUT I MUST RIDE IN HASTE.. WHERE CAN I OBTAIN A HORSE?

PARTAKE OF WINE WHILE I BRING YOUR MOUNT, O' MASTER!!



I COULD USE A DRINK RIGHT NOW.. I HOPE I CAN GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY RETURN!!



THAT WINE.. HAD A FUNNY TASTE.. IT'S MAKING ME DIZZY... MUST'VE BEEN DRUGGED.. I... UHHH



SEVERAL HOURS

LATER

OH... WHERE AM I??

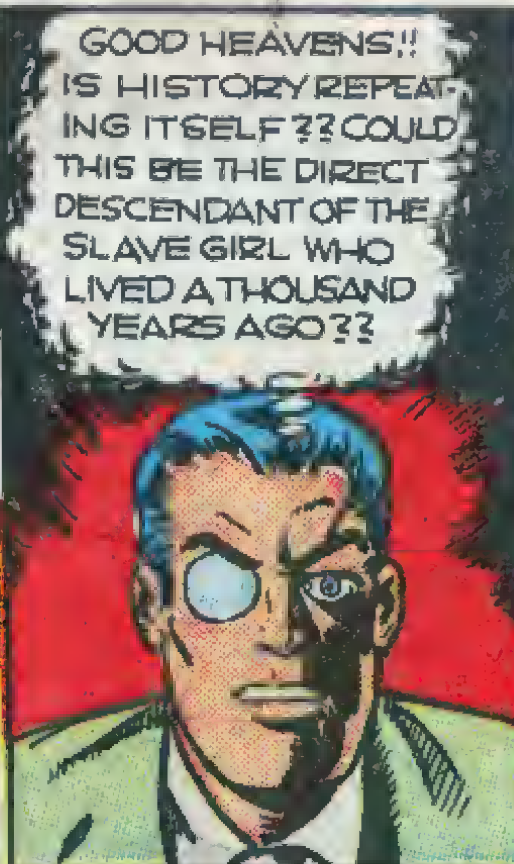
HA!! THE INFIDEL DOG AROUSES.. NOW WE CAN ENJOY PUTTING HIM TO DEATH!!



FIRST, LET US INTRODUCE OURSELVES.. I AM CAPTAIN VON HARDT OF THE AXIS POWERS.. AND THIS IS MY FRIEND, CHIEF TEBET WHO AIDED ME IN OBTAINING THE GREAT RUBY.. HA HA!!.. THE RETURN OF THE JEWEL WILL GREATLY HELP MY COUNTRY'S FOREIGN POLICY!!



FOR A MOMENT DON Q'S MIND RACES
BACK TO SIR CEDRIC'S TALE OF AJURAC
AND THE TARTAR CHIEF, TEBET...



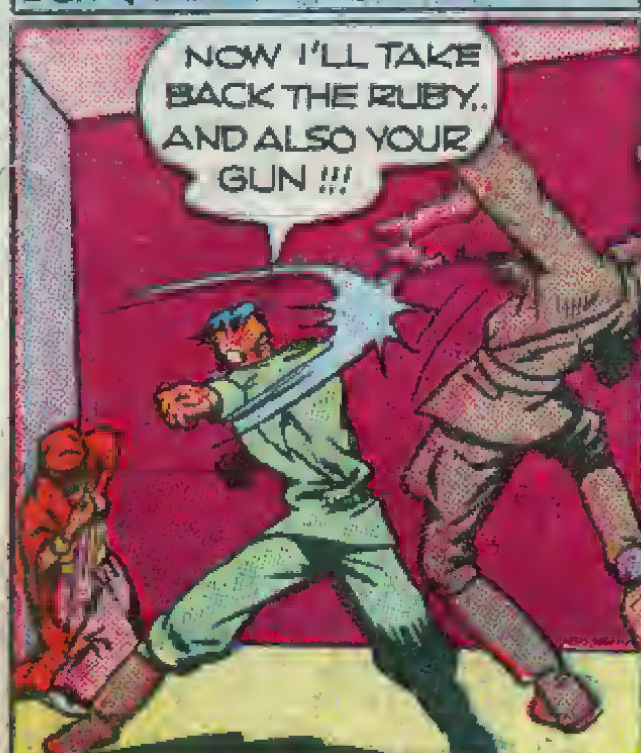
VON HARDT OPENS THE CLOTH THAT
HE HAD TAKEN FROM THE UNCONSCIOUS
DON Q TO GAZE AT THE PRECIOUS
JEWEL....



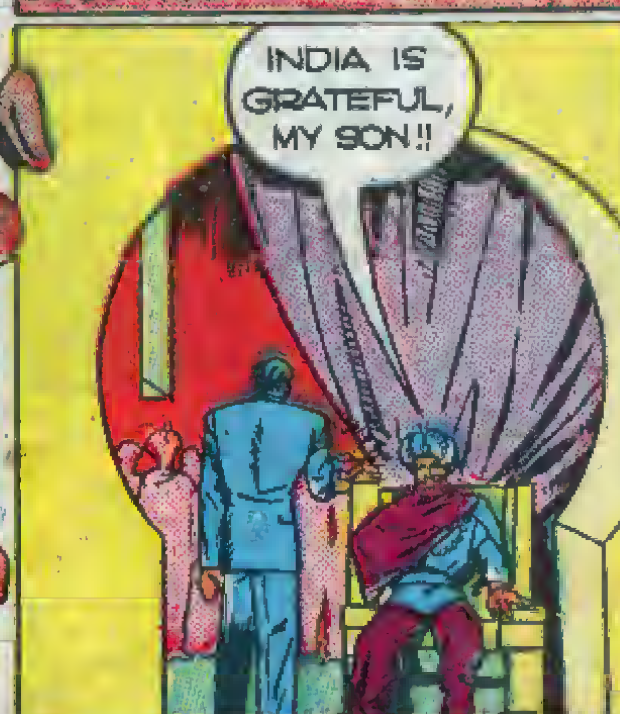
AS THE RUBY IS REVEALED IN
FULL LIGHT SOMETHING STRANGE
COMES OVER AJURAC.. UNCONTROLLABLE!



RECOVERING HIS SENSES VON HARDT
SHOOTS THE BERSERK AJURAC BUT
DON Q SEIZES THIS OPPORTUNITY...



A WEEK LATER DON Q PRESENTS
THE GREAT RUBY TO THE RAJAH
OF JAUNPUR, IN A GESTURE OF
GOOD WILL FOR THE ENGLISH....



SNAPPY

AW--AND
'I WAS JUST
BEGINNING TO
ENJOY MYSELF!

by
ARTHUR
KEEMAN

WHAT'S THE MATTER?
DON'T YOU LIKE
TO EAT FOOD
ANYMORE?

SURE, BUT
EVERY MEAL
IS JUST MORE
VEGETABLES!

THEY'RE GOOD
FOR YOU--GIVE
YOU VITAMINS,
ENERGY--

MAYBE SO, BUT IT SEEMS
THIS OL' WORLD HAS EXISTED
FOR AGES WITHOUT PEOPLE
WORRYIN' ABOUT
MANY PROTEINS
THEY EAT
EVERY DAY!

OOOPS! UH--
HULLO,
"KILLER"

SHUT UP--AND GIVE
ME TEN CENTS
SO'S I CAN GO
TO THE
SHOW!

I HAVEN'T GOT ANY
MONEY! BY THE
WAY--WHAT DO YA
USUALLY EAT
NIGHTS
?

HOT DOGS
OF COURSE! I
THINK I'LL SOCK
YOU FOR NOT
HAVING
A DIME

YOU GOOFY
DUMB
OX!

NOBODY CALLS ME
A DUMB OX--NOT EVEN
YOU, YOU BIG BULLY!

SNAPPY!

WHAT
IS IT,
SIS?

NOW HE'S
GONNA BEAT
ME UP
SURE--

GEE WHIZ! DID I
DO THAT? HE'S
KNOCKED OUT
COLD!

HURRY UP, SIS--BRING ON
MORE VEGETABLES! I WANT
EXTRA VITAMINS AND STRENGTH
--ESPECIALLY IF
"KILLER" COMES TO
ANY MINUTE!

Follow Snappy in the next issue of CRACK COMICS.

ON REAL LIFE TOR IS JIM SLADE, THE ROVING PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER. ABOARD A BRITISH DESTROYER, JIM IS "SHOOTING" AN ENCOUNTER WITH A NAZI SUBMARINE IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC, AS THE WARSHIP FIRES A DEPTH BOMB!!

THAT'LL BRING HIM UP!

BOOM



JIM

TOR

THE MAGIC MASTER

BY FRED GUARDINEER

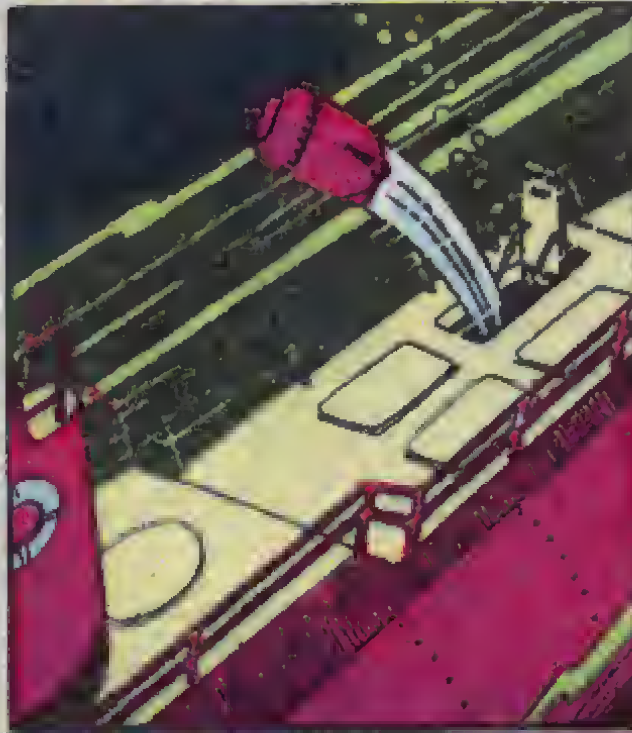


TOR

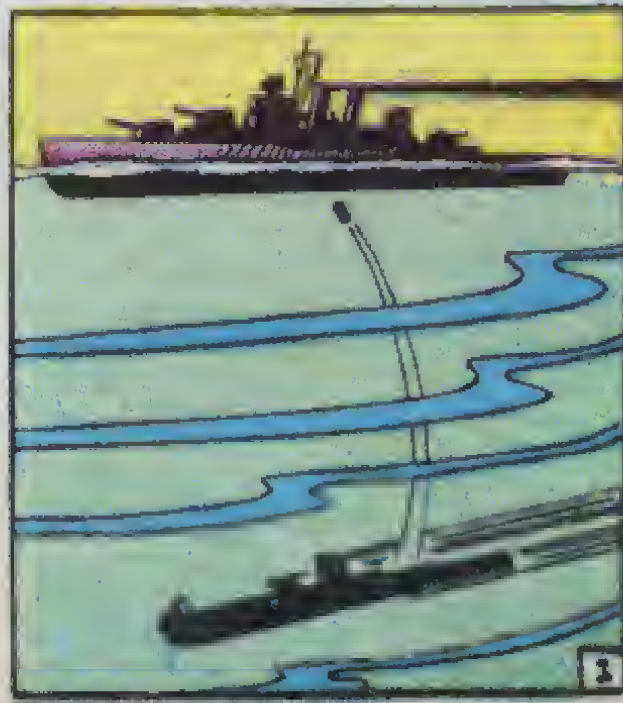
BUT UNDERNEATH THE WAVES THE U-BOAT EVADES THE DEADLY DEPTH BOMB!



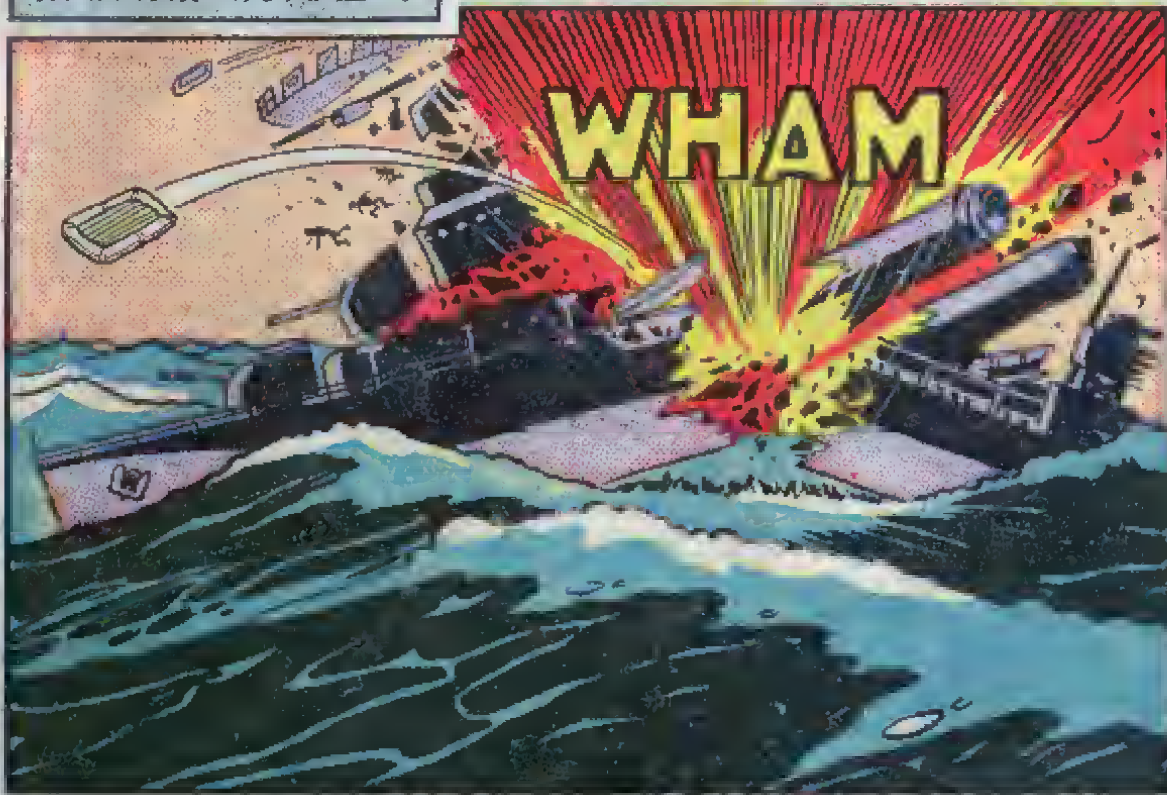
FROM A SECRET DEVICE ON ITS DECK THE SUBMARINE DISCHARGES A MAGNETIC MINE.



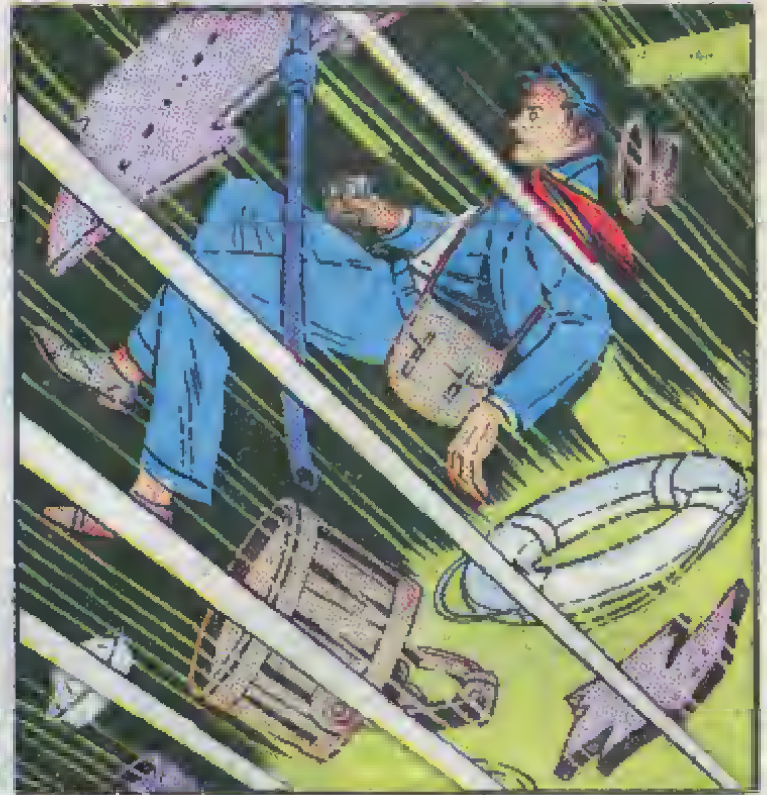
THE MINE RISES RAPIDLY IN THE DIRECTION OF THE DESTROYER'S HULL TO WHICH IT IS DRAWN BY MAGNETIC IMPULSES!



THE DESTROYER SHUDDERS AND THE MINE BLOWS THE WARSHIP IN HALF!



JIM SLADE IS THROWN CLEAR.



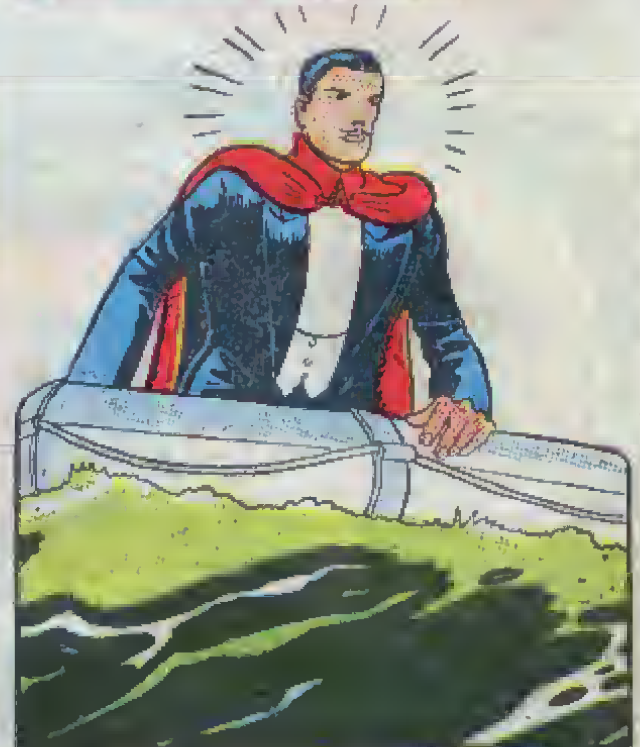
HE LANDS IN THE WATER BY A DRIFTING DECK RAFT, ALSO BLOWN OFF THE DESTROYER!



THERE GOES ANOTHER ENGLISH BOAT TO THE BOTTOM—IT'S TIME FOR ME TO PUT ON MY MOUSTACHE AND CAPE!



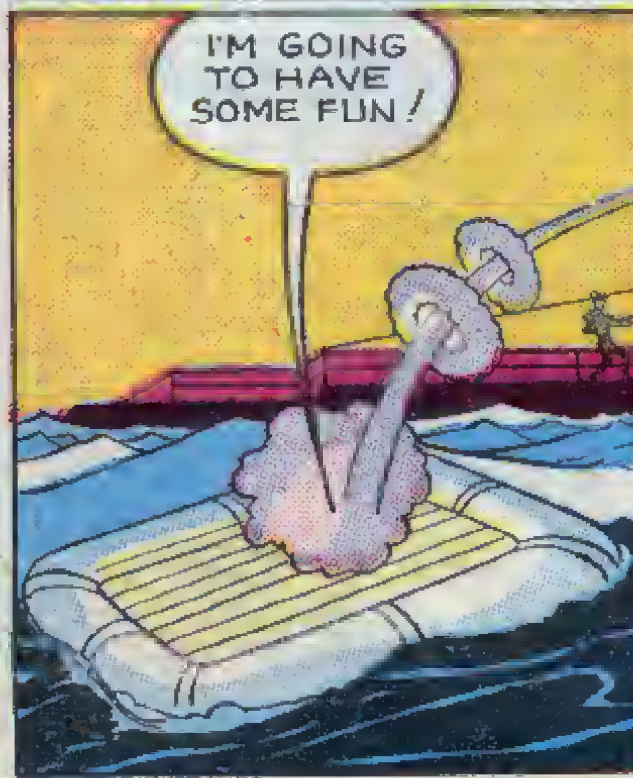
QUICKLY JIM BECOMES TOR, THE MAGIC MASTER.



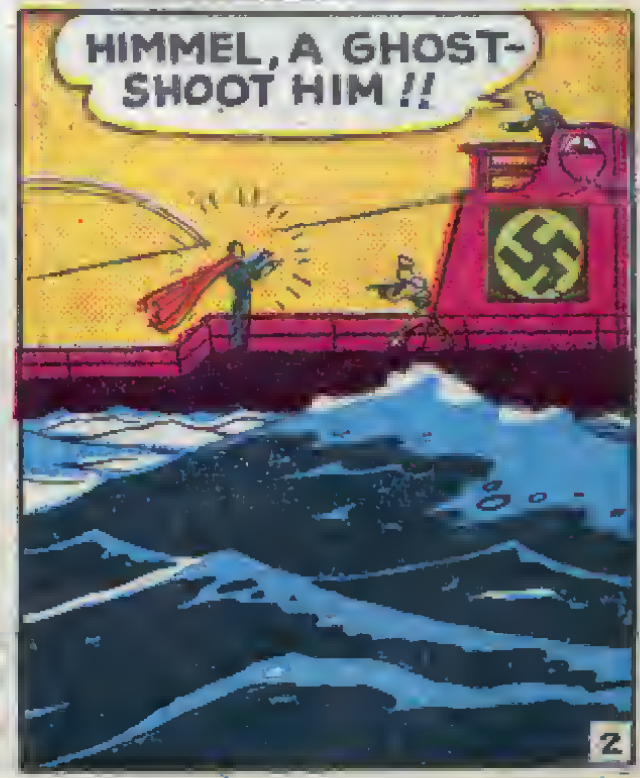
NEARBY THE SUBMARINE COMES TO THE SURFACE.

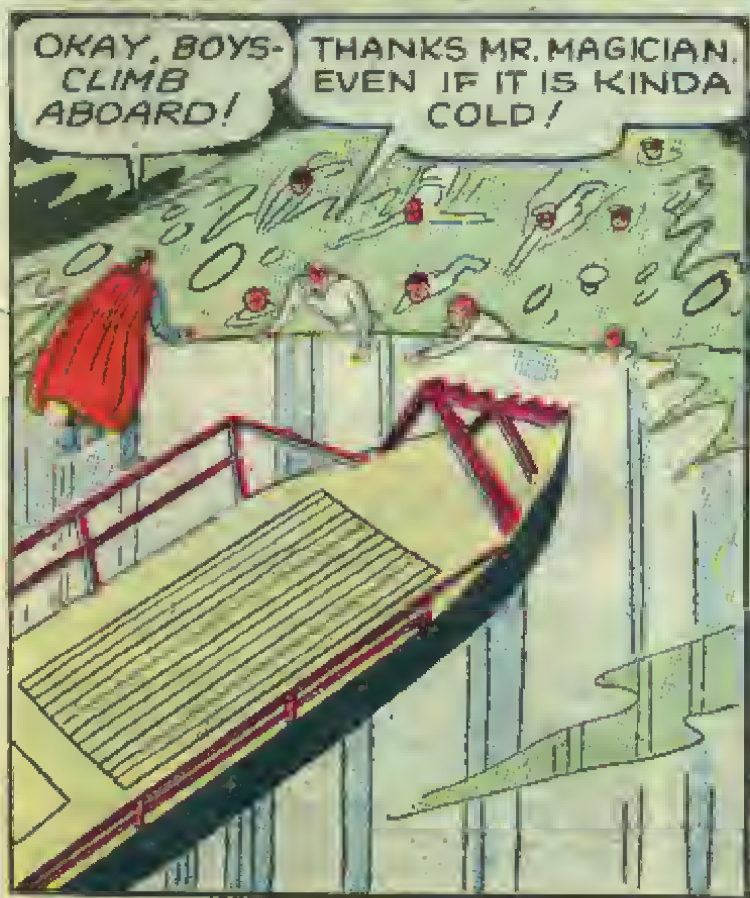
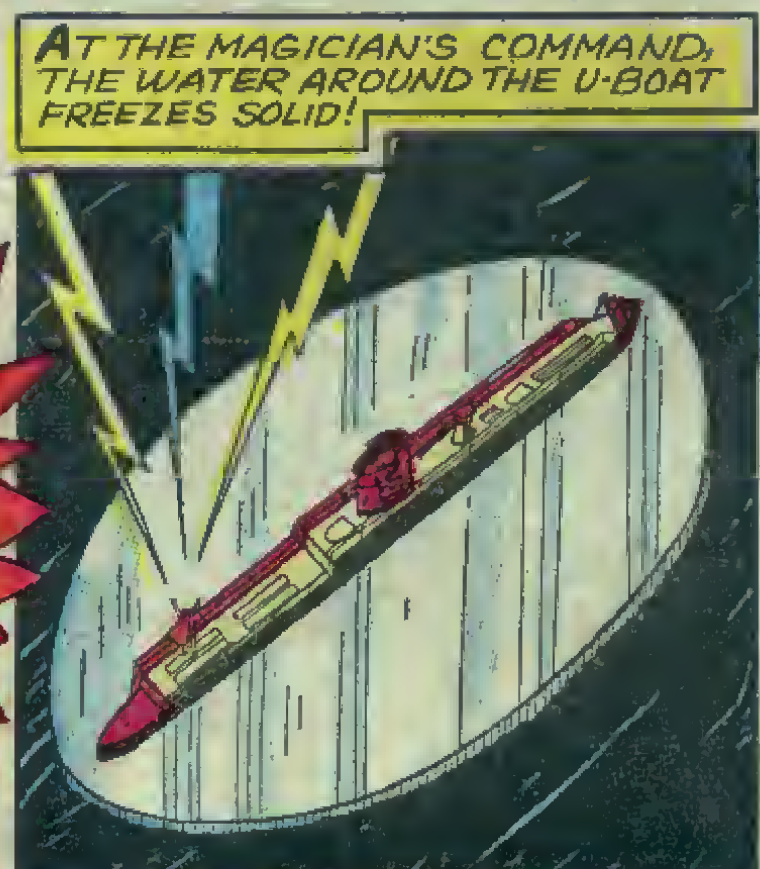
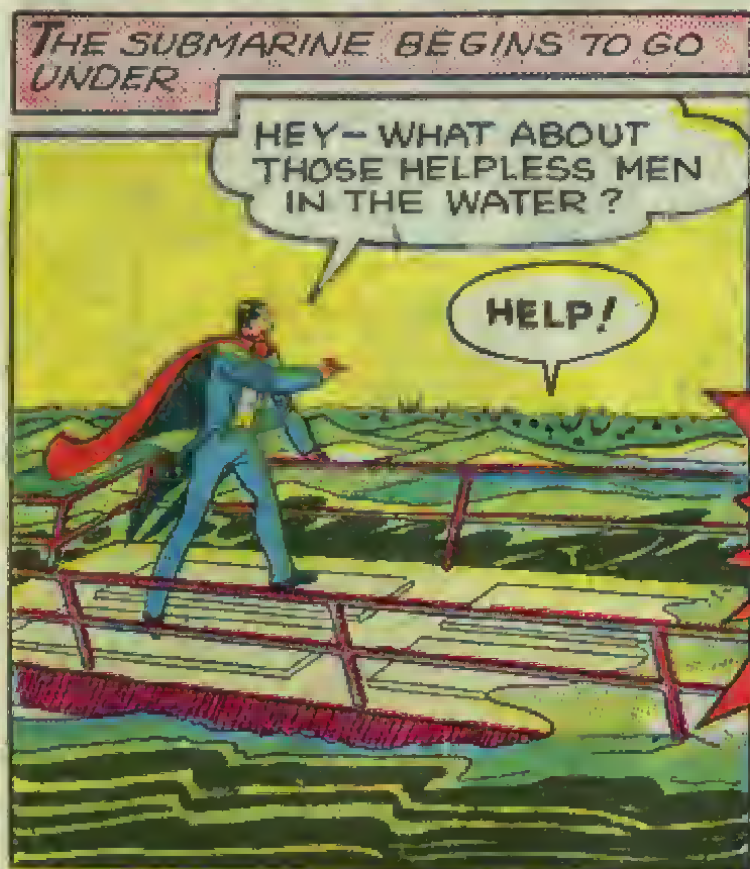
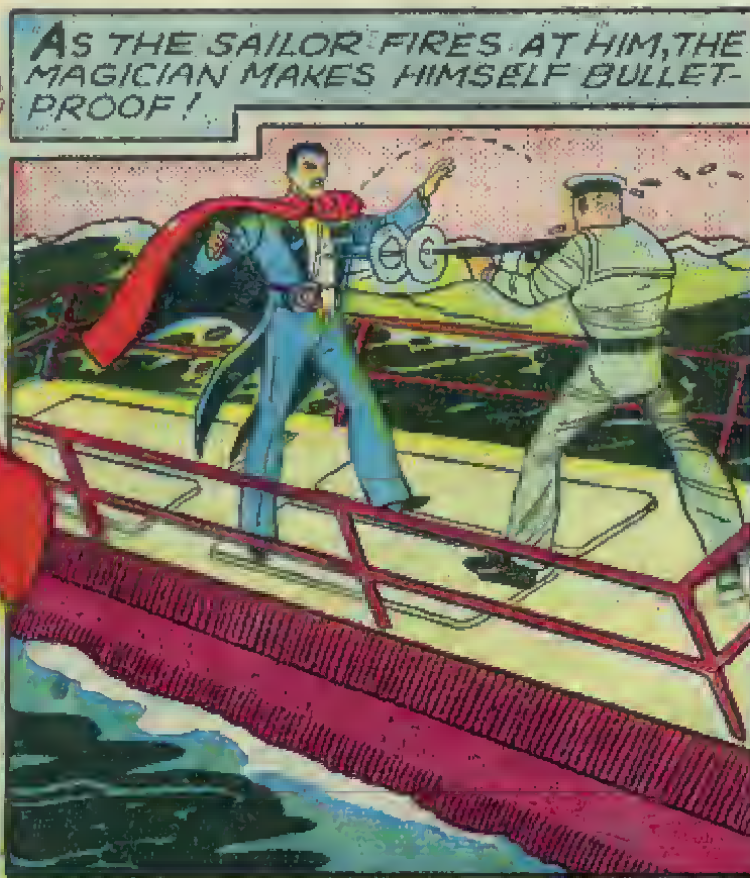


AS THE U-BOAT COMES CLOSER TOR DISAPPEARS!



TOR NEXT APPEARS ON THE DECK OF THE U-BOAT.





MEANWHILE THE ENGLISH SURVIVORS PRY OPEN THE HATCH!

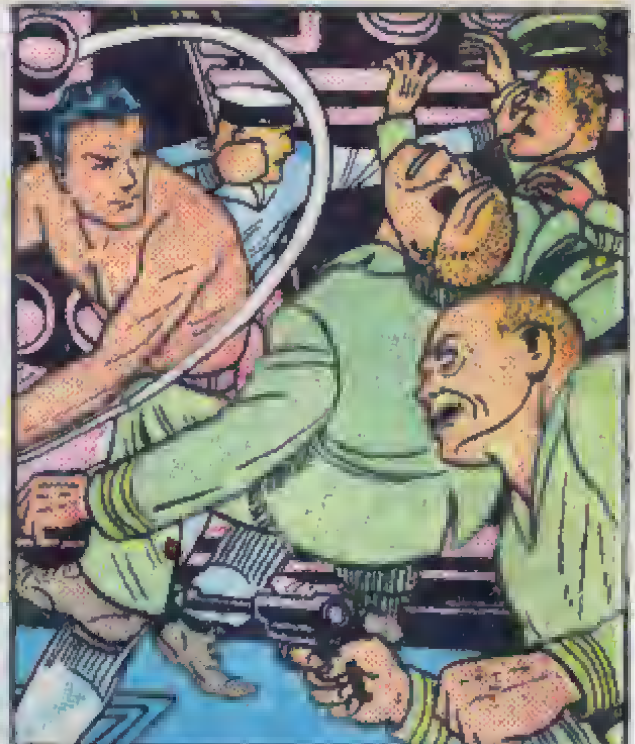
AT LAST-LET'S GO GET 'EM!



DOWN THROUGH THE OPENING DROP SEVERAL STURDY ENGLISHMEN.



WHO TACKLE THE U-BOAT'S CREW HAND TO HAND!!

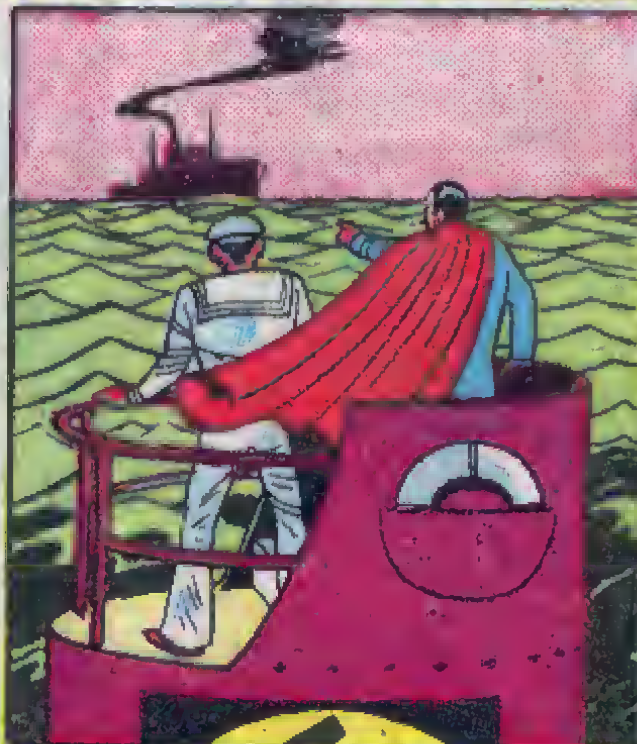


OVERPOWERING THE NAZI CREW, THE BRITISH STEER THE SUBMARINE, ON THE SURFACE, TO ICELAND.

WE'LL ALL GET A CUT OF THE PRIZE MONEY FOR THIS BOAT!



BUT OVER THE HORIZON STEAMS THE SWIFT SEA RAIDER.



THE NAZIS EASILY DISTINGUISH THE BRITISH UNIFORMS THROUGH POWERFUL BINOCULARS!

WHAT'S THIS?

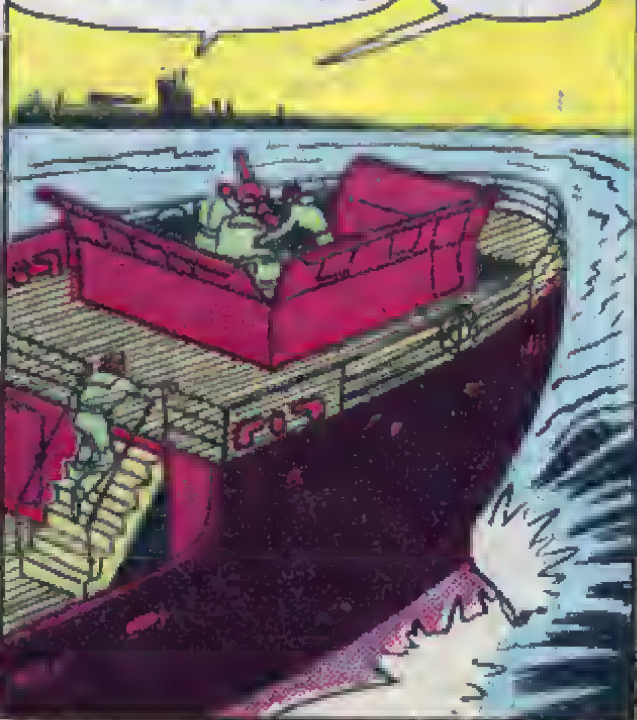


TURN ABOUT-IT'S A TRAP!



THE VON SCHARN-AFTER THEM! L'LEW YLF EKIL NA ENALPRIA!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW, TOR!



AT TOR'S MAGICAL GESTURE, THE SUB TAKES OFF LIKE AN AIRPLANE!

HANG ON-WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE!



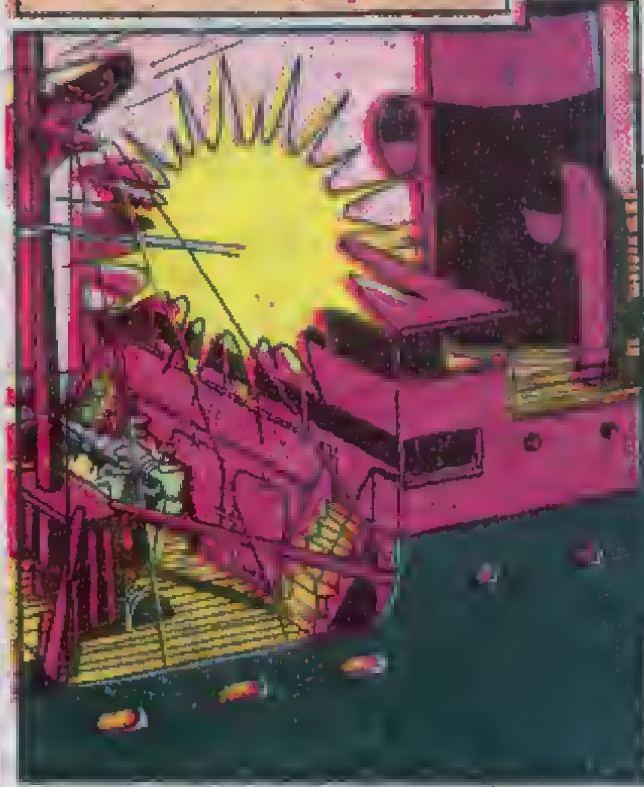
THE FLYING U-BOAT ZOOMS ALONGSIDE THE FLEEING RAIDER.



A WELL PLACED SHOT FROM THE SUBMARINE'S DECK GUN.



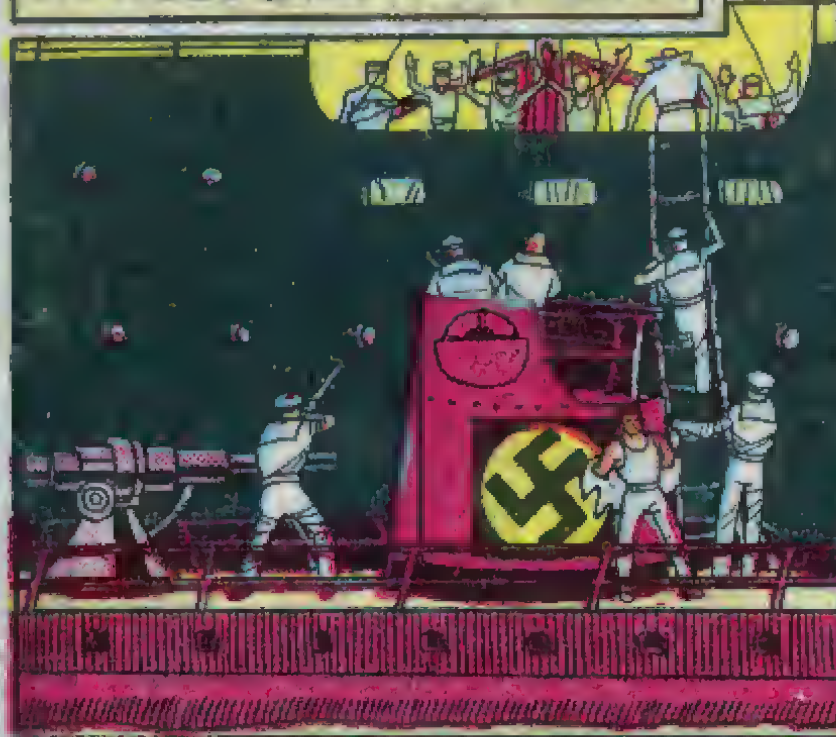
SHATTERS THE BRIDGE OF THE ARMED VESSEL.



KAMERAD! WE QUIT! DON'T SHOOT!



THE ENGLISH SAILORS SWARM ABOARD THE SURRENDERING RAIDER AS TOR CHANGES BACK TO JIM SLADE.



THIS WILL MAKE A SWELL PICTURE STORY-DESTROYER SURVIVORS CAPTURE NAZI SUBMARINE AND SEA RAIDER!

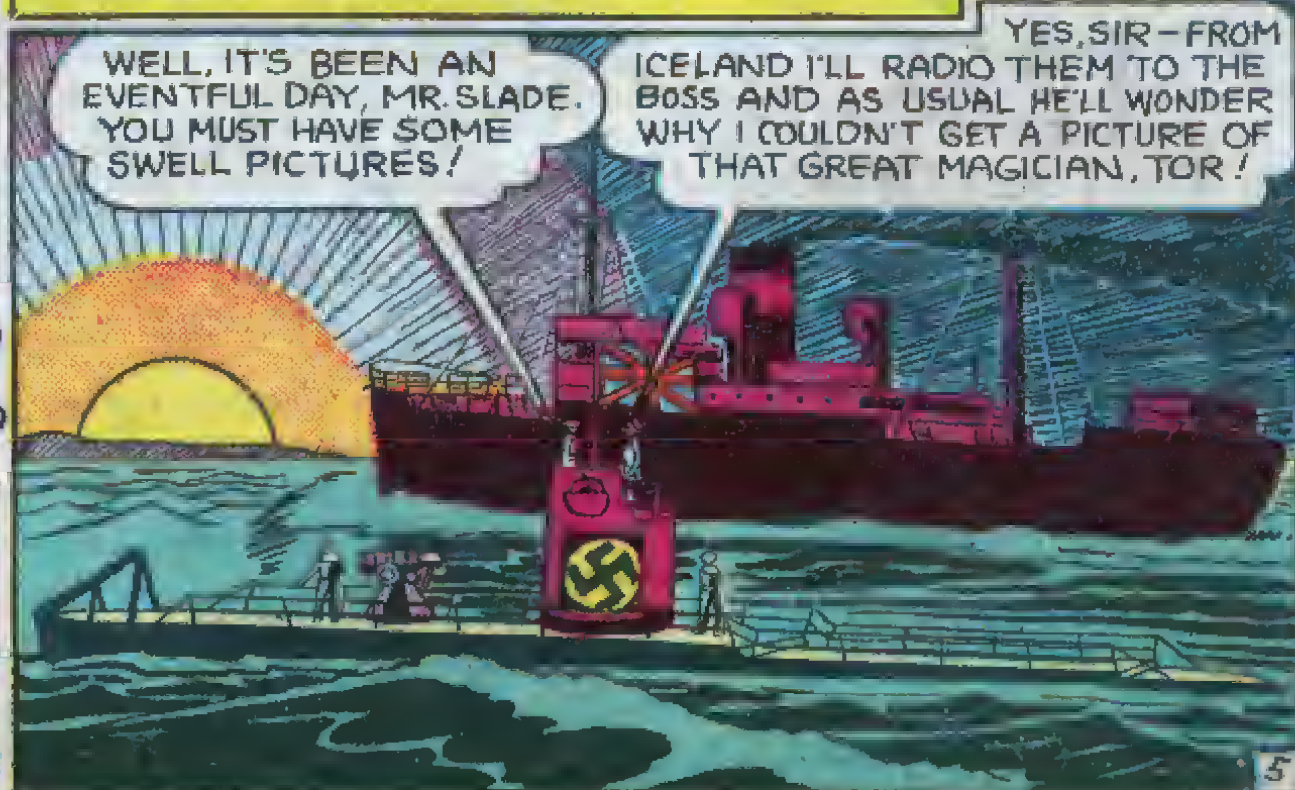


OH-HELLO, SLADE! HAVE YOU SEEN THAT MAGICIAN WHO TURNED UP JUST IN TIME TO SAVE US?

NO...WHEN TOR THINKS HE HAS HELPED YOU ENOUGH HE DEPARTS FOR OTHER FIELDS OF ENDEAVOR!



THE SUN GOES DOWN AS THE CAPTURED RAIDER WITH SUBMARINE IN TOW SAILS TOWARD ICELAND!

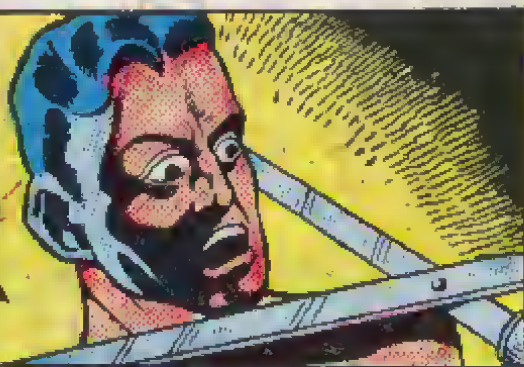


WELL, IT'S BEEN AN EVENTFUL DAY, MR. SLADE. YOU MUST HAVE SOME T SWELL PICTURES!

YES, SIR - FROM ICELAND I'LL RADIO THEM TO THE BOSS AND AS USUAL HE'LL WONDER WHY I COULDN'T GET A PICTURE OF THAT GREAT MAGICIAN, TOR!

Don't miss the next mysterious adventure of Tor, Magic Master.

RETURN *of the* MAD TRAPPER



CHAVANT FAMILY MURDERED LAST NIGHT MYSTERIOUS KILLER ON RAMPAGE

Those were the headlines that shocked all of Canada on the morning of August 5th. A more detailed account of the ghastly business gave the information that the Frenchman Chavant, a trapper in the Moose Jaw region of Saskatchewan, his wife, and five children had been decapitated by a fiend.

But that was not all. A week prior to this mass murder, another trapper and his family had been wiped out in the same manner, about fifty miles from the lonely cabin of Pierre Chavant.

WHERE WOULD THE MONSTER STRIKE AGAIN? WHEN?

Those were the two terrible fears that had every resident of Saskatchewan shaking in his boots.

The Ft. Bragg post of the Royal Mounted was a hotbed of activity the morning of August 5th. Old Earl Jannis, the factor of the post and acting head of the mounted force, stormed at the group of "mounties" that faced him in his office.

"More than a week now, an' what's happened?" shouted Jannis. "Five more innocent people kilt off, that's what! . . . Men, you've got to do somethin' about this killer! You've got to do somethin' NOW! The hull Dominion's down on us!"

Sergeant Quinn said, steadily, "we've done our best, sir. One can only do that—"

"Alibis! Alibis!" shouted the irate factor. "There is such a thing as doin' better than yer best!"

Another eight days passed. Nine more people had died by decapitation. The wild region of

Saskatchewan was being deserted by the surviving residents. Why play with fate—and a demon? Who knew who's turn it would be next?

Then one night, on the outskirts of a small milltown in the province, another atrocious murder took place. This time four members of a family died in their beds. The Director of the Royal Mounted, in desperation, sent a wire to the United States, and two days later a plane landed near the Provincial Headquarters office. A tall young chap stepped out of it and into a taxi.

The tall young man did not have to wait long in the official ante-room. He had barely sent in his card, bearing the words, ERIC VALE, than an orderly was bowing him into the office of Director Malcolm McDowell.

"Egad, sir!" cried McDowell, "I hardly send my wire than you're here! And glad I am. You may not know it, Mr. Vale, but it hurts my pride to have to call in an outsider on this case. But frankly we're stumped. That's why I've asked the best detective in the whole bloody world to give a hand!"

Eric laughed. "That's laying it on a bit thick, sir. I still consider myself an amateur."

"Listen to him!" chortled McDowell. "All right, let it stand. But I'm bettin' my bottom dollar that you turn up something in double-quick! . . . Now here's the lay o' the land."

For a half hour McDowell gave a detailed account of the murders, the efforts of the Police, etcetera. Eric mulled it over for a few minutes. Then:

"Didn't some crackpot up here several years ago give everybody a bad time of it? The 'Mad Trapper' I believe they called him."

McDowell nodded. "Yeah. Up Rat River way. He kidnapped members of the Force, made dummies of 'em, and froze 'em in ice."

"That's the guy. What became of him?"

"The boys ran him down. But just as they were closing in on him, he fell through a hole in the ice over a river. Hasn't been heard of since."

Eric rose. "What about the Indians in this region?"

"Plenty of 'em," McDowell replied. "Tame as kittens; never give us any trouble, unless they get a spot of liquor, which is seldom."

Eric talked to some of the Mounties that night. The first thing he noticed was their slight animosity toward him. Which was, of course, natural. They resented an outsider trying to steal their thunder. No, they didn't think the Indians had anything to do with the murders. The 'Mad Trapper' was dead.

Seeing that he was making little headway with the Mounties, Eric withdrew to his room. As he pushed the door open, a man rose from the bunk. He was a Mountie.

"Please pardon the intrusion,



Mr. Vale," he said, extending his hand. "I am Inspector McLarnin. They didn't give you much co-operation out there, eh? But I think you realize their position."

Eric said that he did.

"I want to help you," went on McLarnin. "And if you'll permit me—"

"Thank you," Eric said. "Have you anything tangible to go on?"

"I think you have something in the Indian theory," replied McLarnin. "Of course, Indians don't kill the way this murderer is

working. There is the chance, however, that someone with a perverted mind is behind it."

"Exactly," Eric exclaimed. "And there's only one way to find out."

They discussed plans for an hour, then both left the barracks.

That night the Indian reservation six miles out of town hummed with activity. Groups of redskins sat around bubbling pots, stoically regarding the flames. In the council lodge of the chief, there was more than usual movement. The chief sat, cross-legged, near the central fire and stared impassively at the dozen or so braves making up the circle.

"What time he come?" he grunted.

"When the moon go down," a brave replied.

The flaps of the big tepee parted and a dark head poked inside. "How!" said the newcomer.

"How!" said the chief. "Enter."

The stranger stepped inside and squatted down in the circle. He was a heavy, hulking man with an enormous face and a shock of black hair graying at the temples.

"We begin!" he stated. "Here." He passed several deerskin bags over to the chief, who took them without comment and tucked them into his leather jacket. He nodded to the donor.

"La Vichy . . . Dumont . . . MacDougall . . . tonight!" said the stranger in a deep voice. "My men have the way paved. Ten of your men will come with me, act as guards. That much more gold I will give—when we finish."

The chief stood up, and the council ended.

The stranger stepped into the night; ten braves followed him. Silently they strode toward the woods surrounding the camp. Not far behind them trailed another dark-skinned brave. He had been listening behind the tepee. With woodcraft that matched that of the Indians ahead, he followed.

The trek consumed more than an hour. It ended at a small clearing in the woods. A log cabin



occupied the middle of the clearing. It was dark, for the hour was far past midnight.

An owl hooted. It was the signal for several dark shapes to materialize from the gloom of the trees. They converged around the big leader of the pack. A whispered consultation followed, then three figures moved toward the cabin. A moment later, a soft cry drifted from the cabin. It was not repeated. Eric Vale, for it was he who followed the Indians, moved forward carefully. But not carefully enough. His foot snapped a twig. Dead silence followed the infinitesimal sound. Then suddenly something struck Eric in the back and he went down.

A muffled cry broke from him as he squirmed over on his back. The hateful features of an Indian were close to his face, and a long knife was clutched in the brave's right hand. Eric knew some jujitsu. He gave a lurch, and the redskin shot away. But a half dozen others were soon piled on top of him.

There was no conversation. They gathered him up and lugged him into the deeper shadows of the forest. Then the huge bulk of the leader loomed close.

"Spy!" gritted the big man. "Death to spies!"

From nowhere there appeared a huge scissors—a sort of hedge-clippers with four-foot-long handles. This the leader shoved

down toward Eric's neck. Then he knew how those others had died. What a terrible weapon! One snip and . . .

Eric got out a yell. Several quick shots echoed from the woods. The leader tensed, dropped the clippers, and bounded into the trees, the others following him. Eric got to his feet, feeling his neck gingerly, thanking his lucky stars that Inspector McLarnin was close on his heels.

The Inspector broke into view, carrying a smoking rifle. Behind him came a dozen other Mounties. They did not stop. Instead, they crashed after the fleeing Indians.

"You all right, Mr. Vale?" McLarnin asked solicitously.

"Thanks to you!" exclaimed Eric.

"Not at all," argued McLarnin. "Had it not been for you, we'd never have suspected the Indians."

Eric fell in step with the inspector as they followed the sounds of the chase ahead.

"I'll tell you something, Inspector," said Eric. "I don't think the leader of this pack is an Indian."

They captured most of the Indians before morning. They captured the big, hulking leader, too. And that night, when Canadian newspapers carried these headlines—

CAREER OF THE MAD TRAPPER, DR. KURTOV, ENDS, DISGUISED AS INDIAN, THE INSANE SCIENTIST TELLS LIFE OF HATE

all Canada breathed with relief.

The next morning, Eric Vale stepped into his plane and soared away, with the applause of the Royal Mounted ringing in his ears. But Eric was in a hurry. That morning a wire had reached him. He was needed on the other side of the world, to solve a strange mystery.

**FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
ERIC VALE
IN EACH ISSUE OF
CRACK COMICS**

JANE ARDEN

by Monte Harrett and Russell

OLD MALBY WAS ROBBED BY AN OLD FRIEND THAT HE TOOK IN OUT OF THE COLD.

MALBY HAD TICKETS TO THIS SHOW LAST NIGHT, BUT COULDN'T GO. THAT'S WHEN THE ROBBERY OCCURED!!

YEAH.. HERE'S MALBY'S STUB.. AND COP-LE'S UNUSED TICKET..

FIRST ROW BALCONY.. I'LL HAVE A LOOK.. UP THERE

DO YOU REMEMBER THE MAN WHO SAT THERE LAST NITE? THERE WAS A VACANT SEAT NEXT TO HIM!!

YES, BUT THEY BOTH WERE VACANT!!

NO SIR.. I REMEMBER BECAUSE WE HAD A SELLOUT.. THOSE WERE THE ONLY TWO VACANT SEATS!!

ONE WHOLE TICKET.. ONE STUB.. YET I WASN'T HERE..

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING.... WE'VE EXPLODED SOMEBODY'S ALIBI!!

IT DON'T MAKE SENSE.. MALBY DIDN'T NEED AN ALIBI, HE'S THE ONE WHO WAS ROBBED..

IT MUST FIT IN SOMEWHERE

HOW ABOUT GETTING MALBY OUT OF THE HOUSE SO I CAN LOOK IT OVER!!

THAT'S EASY!

MALBY? COME OVER TO MY OFFICE I GOT SOME SUSPECTS FOR YOU TO LOOK OVER!!

I'LL NEED THE INSPECTOR'S PASS KEY..

WHY DID MALBY WANT AN ALIBI LAST NIGHT? HE SAYS HE DIDN'T DISCOVER THE THEFT 'TIL THIS MORNING!!

AND WHATABOUT THAT FRESHLY PAINTED ROOM?

DANDY JIM SAYS HE LOVES ME, BUT I THINK ITS THE CRACKER BARREL HE LIKES

IF I DIDN'T HAVE THIS STORE..

DAN'L, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO HAVE WHUT THIS STORE?

HUH? WHAT KIND O' TALK IS THIS, HENHUSKY?

I MEAN IT.. I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU.. BUT ONLY FOR A FEW DAYS!!

YO MUST BE PLUMB ZANY!!

I'LL TELL EVERYONE I OWED YOU MONEY AN' YOU FORGOT TO CLOSE ON ME!! BUT YOU GOTTA GIVE IT BACK WHEN I SAY!!

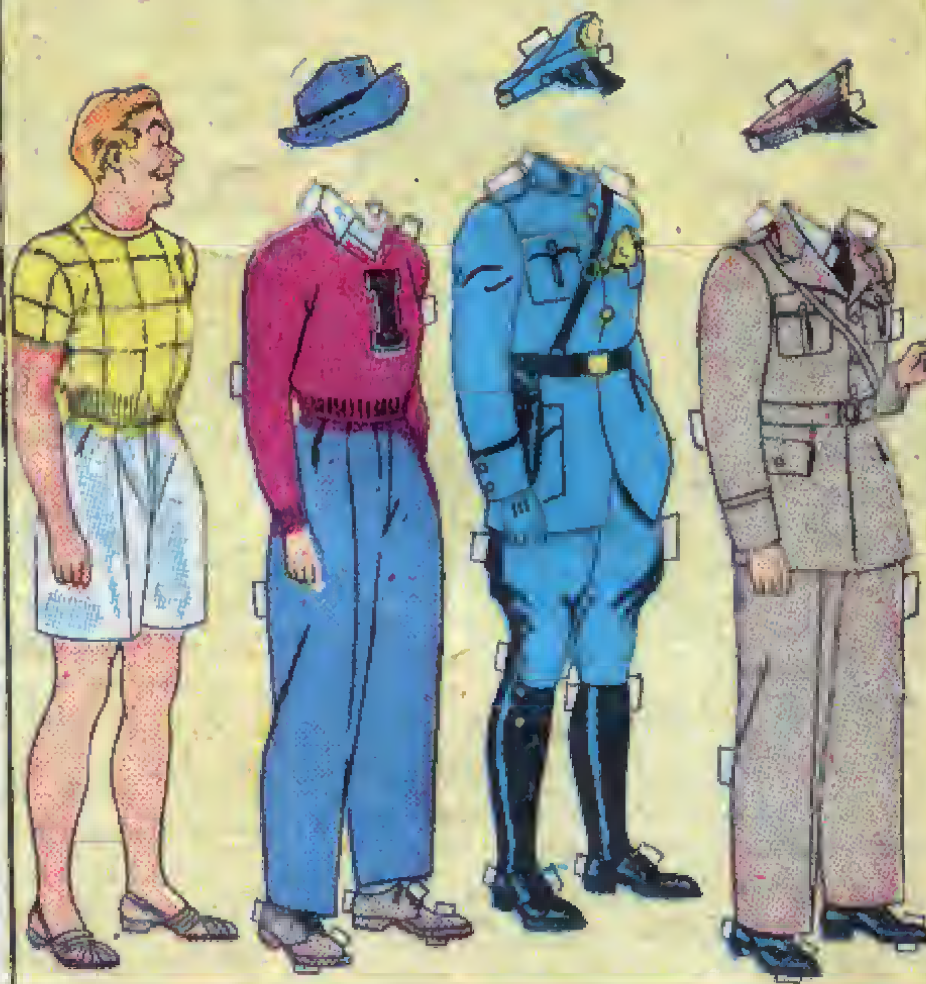
LEMME GIT IT STRAIGHT!! IT'S MY STORE TILL YE WANT IT BACK!!

THAT'S RIGHT! PUT YOUR MARK ON THIS PAPER IT'S A WRITTEN PROMISE..

THERE.. REMEMBER.. TELL FOLKS YOU... ??

O.K.. O.K.. "I'M AHEADIN' FER THE SIDEMEAT... WHOOPEE!!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE FOR MEN.



UNLESS
THE PAINT
IS COVERING
UP THE CLUES

I GUESS
I'M BEING
BILLY. WHAT
HAS MALBY
GOT TO
HIDE?

WHEW...
I DIDN'T
KNOW PAINT
COULD BE
SO SMELLY.
HM... NO
WONDER.

THE END
IS OFF
THAT OLD
GAS
LINE...

WONDER
IF THAT'S
WHAT I
SMELL
INSTEAD
OF PAINT?

NO GAS
ESCAPING
"I THOUGHT
I SMELLED
IT, AND
THE CAP
IS OFF."

OH..OH..
SOMEONE
AT THE
DOOR..
I'D BETTER
GET OUT
OF HERE



I'LL HAVE
TO TAKE
A CHANCE

GOOD THING
TOWER
ISN'T HOME

ANY LUCK,
JAN?

IF THERE WAS A CLUE THERE..IT'S BEEN COVERED BY THAT SMELLY PAINT...

INSPECTOR.
THAT'S
IT. THAT
PAINT IS
TOO SMELLY.
THERE'S
OUR CLUE.

SMELLY
PAINT?
HOW WILL
THAT SOLVE
THE ROBBERY
30

GET A
FEW MEN
AND COME
WITH ME..
WE'LL TALK
ON THE
WAY!!

O.K.,
JUST ON
THE CHANCE
THAT YOU
AREN'T
OUTTA
YOUR
HEAD!

WAL, WAL,
I SEE
THE
CRACKER
FILLED UP
AGAIN!!



**HOLD YOUR
TOSSES,
RANDY J.**

Ow!

DON'T YE KN
LENA LOVE
I CAN EAT
WOT I WANT
'ROUND
H'VAR

NOT WHILE I'M RUNNING THIS HYAC CHERANS!"

WE'LL SEE
ABOUT
THAT. I'LL
SPEAK TO
LENA!

**GO
SPEAK
YOUR
PIECE.**

LENA, VORE
MY LITTLE
SUGAR ANT YE
?

WHY, THIS
IS ALL SO
WONDER-
FUL!!

OH, JIM
YOU'RE SO
MASTERFUL!

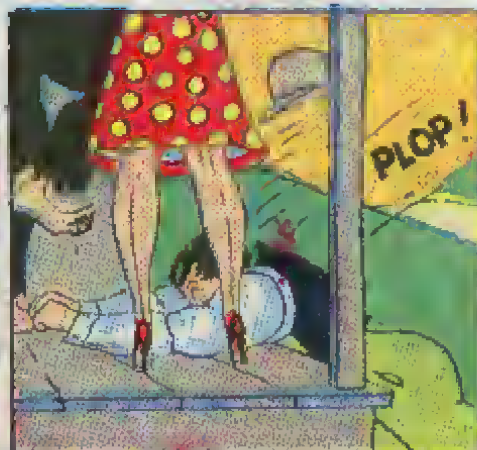
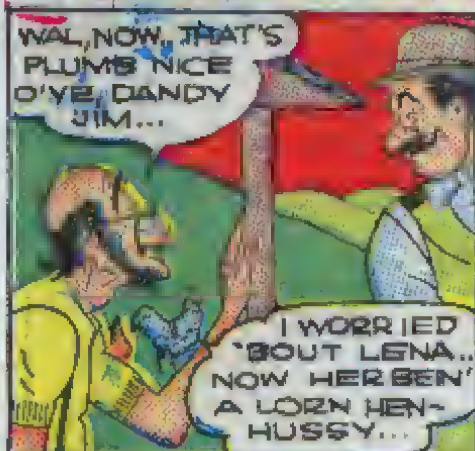
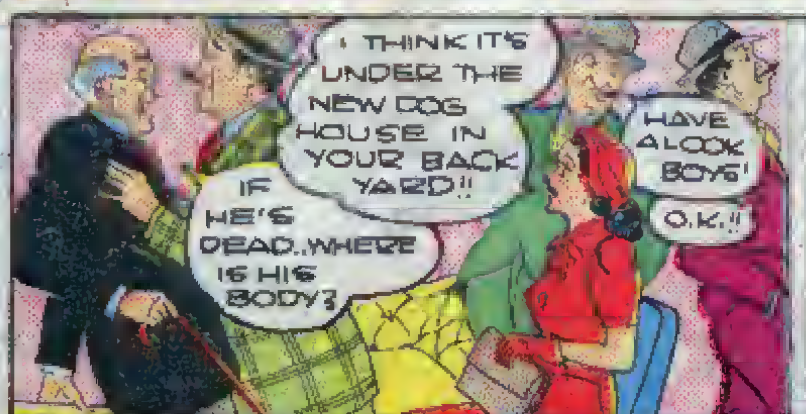
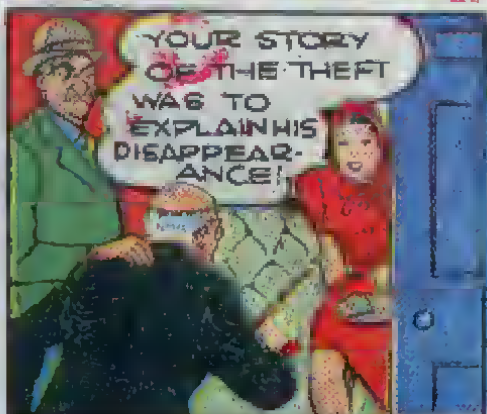
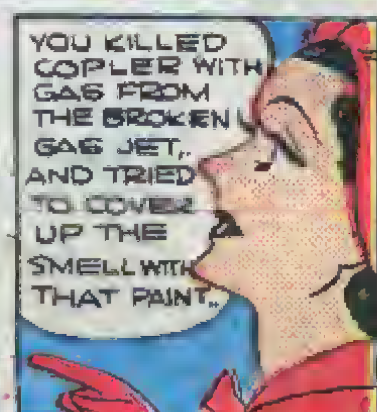
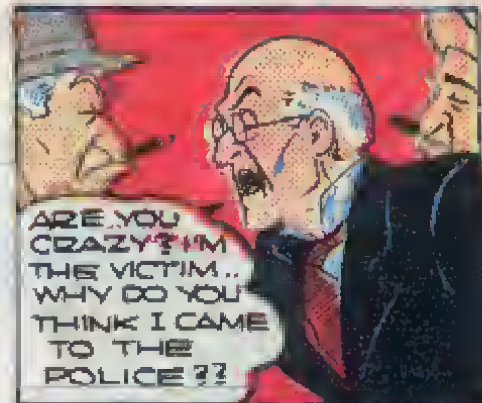
HANG ON,
WE'RE
HUNTING
A PARSON

THEN IF
I DON'T
FIRE DAN'L
THAR AN'T
A CON IN
TEXAS!!

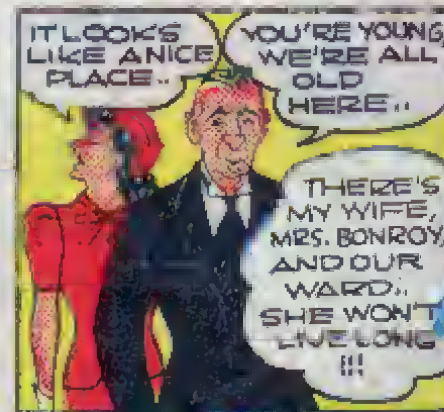
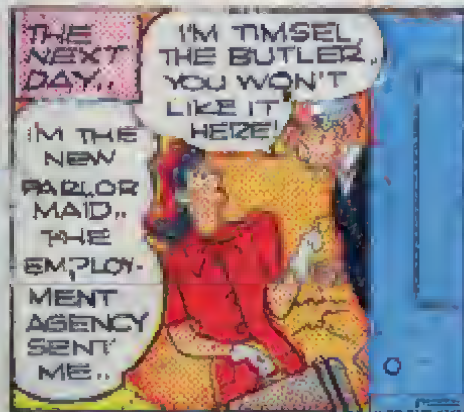
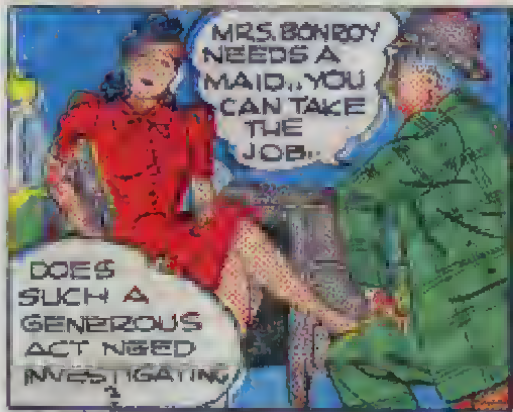
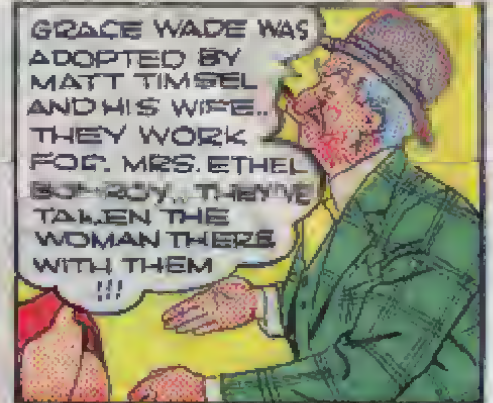
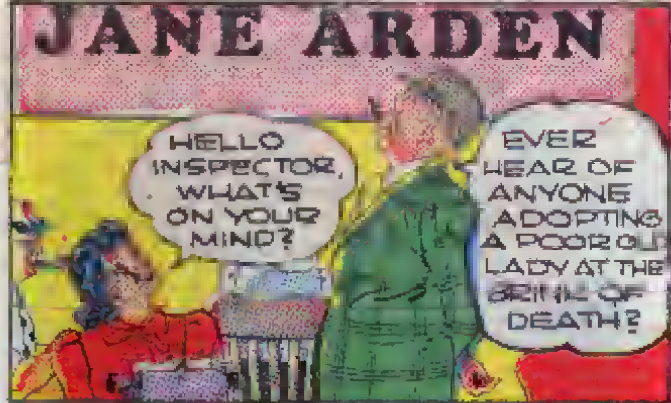
JANE ADOBE'S WAREHOUSE



JANE ARDEN



JANE ARDEN





FROM PARK AVENUE
COMES THE PLAYBOY,
BRIAN O'BRIEN, WHO VEN-
TURES INTO THE EVILS OF
CRIME AS THE CLOCK--
KNOWN ONLY TO HIS NEWLY
FOUND AID--BUTCH-- A
SHARP TONGUED, BUT
LOVABLE ORPHAN GIRL---



by

GEORGE E. BRENNER.

The C L O C K

AND AS I SAID BEFORE --
I GOT NOTHIN' UP MY SLEEVE
BUT MY ARM - AN' I'LL
PROVE THE HAND
IS QUICKER
THAN THE
EYE--

BUTCH, FOR
THE LAST TIME --
I DON'T WANT
TO SEE ANYMORE
MAGIC TRICKS---

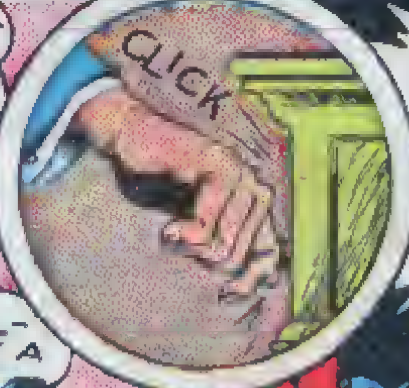
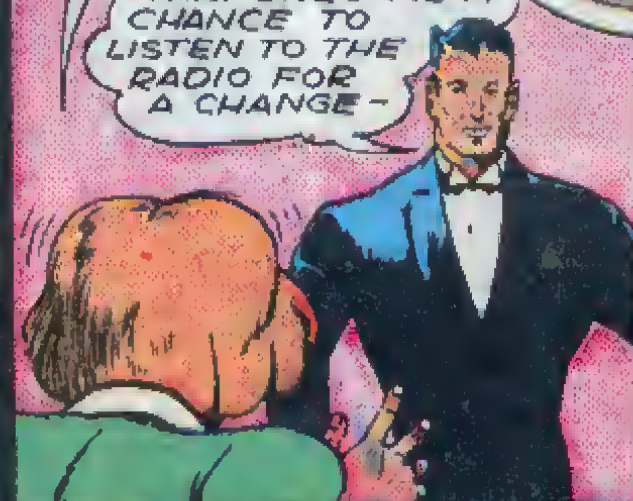


AND IF YOU INSIST,
I'LL PROVE THE HAND
IS QUICKER THAN THE
EYE --- ON A CERTAIN
PART OF YOUR
ANATOMY!!



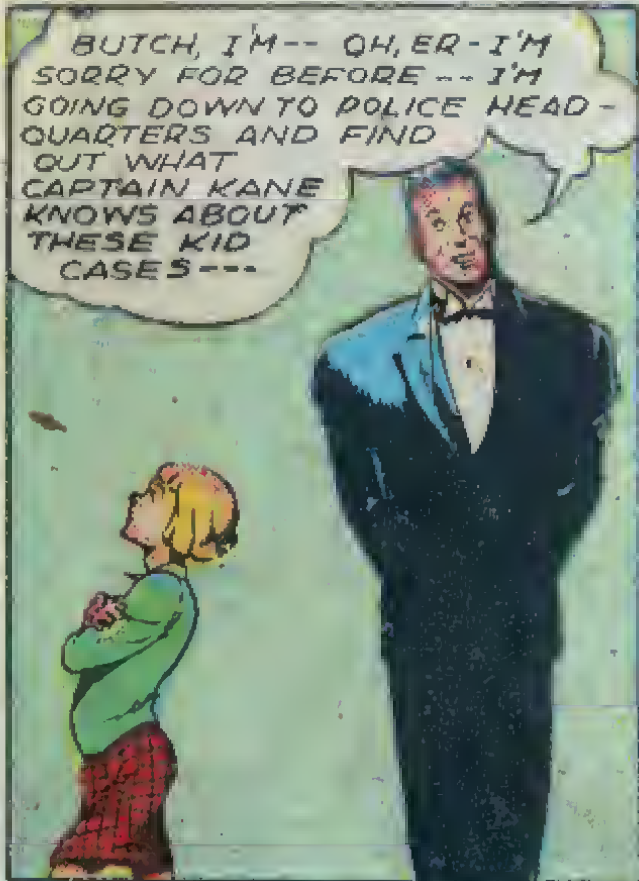
OHhhh - WHY YOU--
YOU--- WHY I EVER
TEAMED UP WITH
AN OLD GOAT LIKE
YOU, I'LL NEVER
KNOW - I'LL NOT
SPEAK TO YOU,
UNTIL YOU
APOLOGIZE--

SWELL--
THAT GIVES ME A
CHANCE TO
LISTEN TO THE
RADIO FOR
A CHANGE -

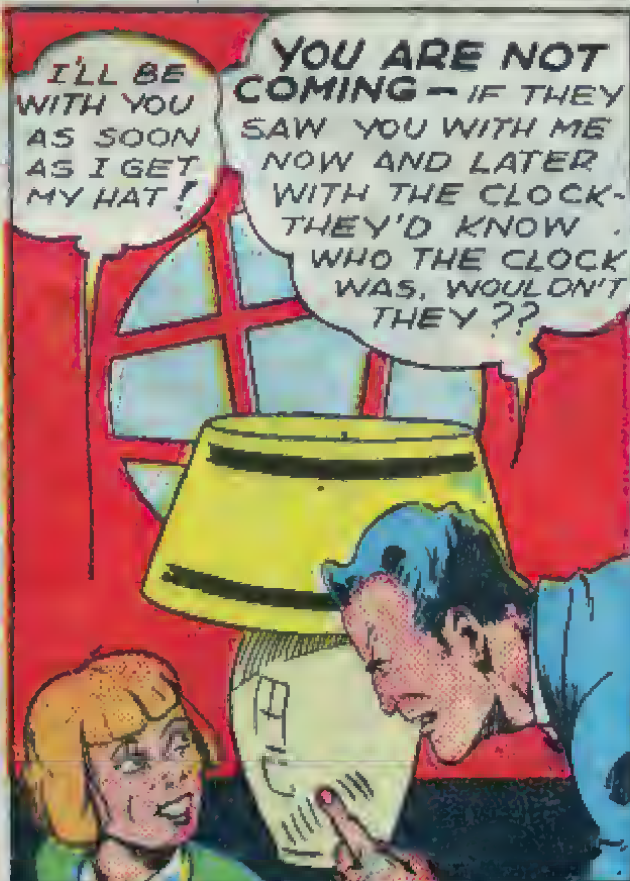


FLASH - TWO
MORE CHILDREN
WERE ARRESTED BY
THE POLICE, WHO
CAUGHT THEM IN THE
ACT OF PICKING
POCKETS --- THIS IS
THE NINTH CASE OF
THIS KIND IN THE
LAST THREE
DAYS





BUTCH, I'M-- OH, ER-- I'M SORRY FOR BEFORE-- I'M GOING DOWN TO POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS AND FIND OUT WHAT CAPTAIN KANE KNOWS ABOUT THESE KID CASES---



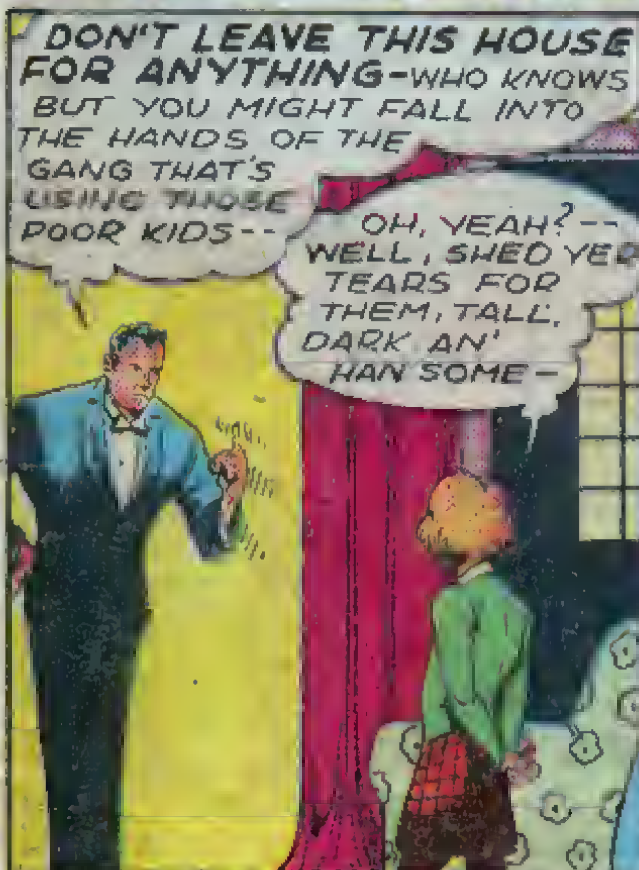
I'LL BE WITH YOU AS SOON AS I GET MY HAT!

YOU ARE NOT COMING-- IF THEY SAW YOU WITH ME NOW AND LATER WITH THE CLOCK-- THEY'D KNOW WHO THE CLOCK WAS, WOULDN'T THEY??



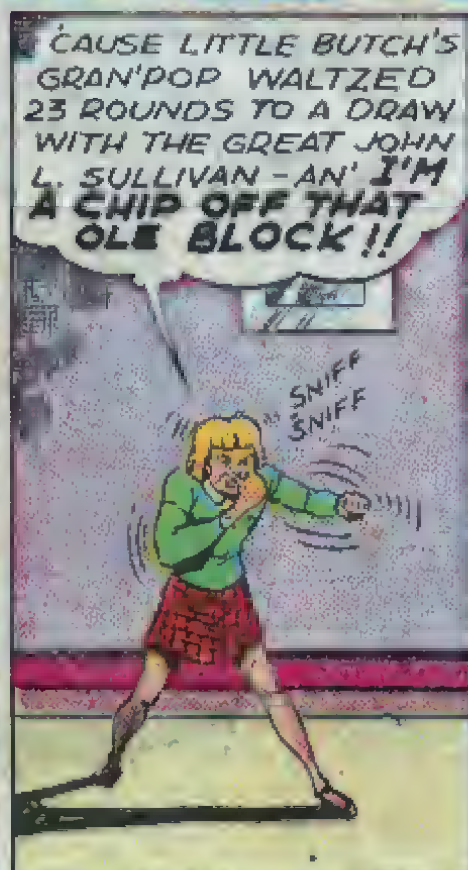
YEAH-- I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT!!

THAT'S BETTER-- AND ANOTHER THING---



DON'T LEAVE THIS HOUSE FOR ANYTHING--WHO KNOWS BUT YOU MIGHT FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE GANG THAT'S USING THOSE POOR KIDS--

OH, YEAH?-- WELL, SHED YER TEARS FOR THEM, TALL, DARK AN' HAN SOME--



'CAUSE LITTLE BUTCH'S GRAN'POP WALTZED 23 ROUNDS TO A DRAW WITH THE GREAT JOHN L. SULLIVAN--AN' I'M A CHIP OFF THAT OLE BLOCK!!

SNIFF
SNIFF



OKAY, I'LL WAIT HERE FOR YA--AN' IF THERE'S NO HARD FEELIN'S BETWEEN US, SHAKE ON IT!

SURE BUTCH--



YA-ULP!

HA-
HAH
HA



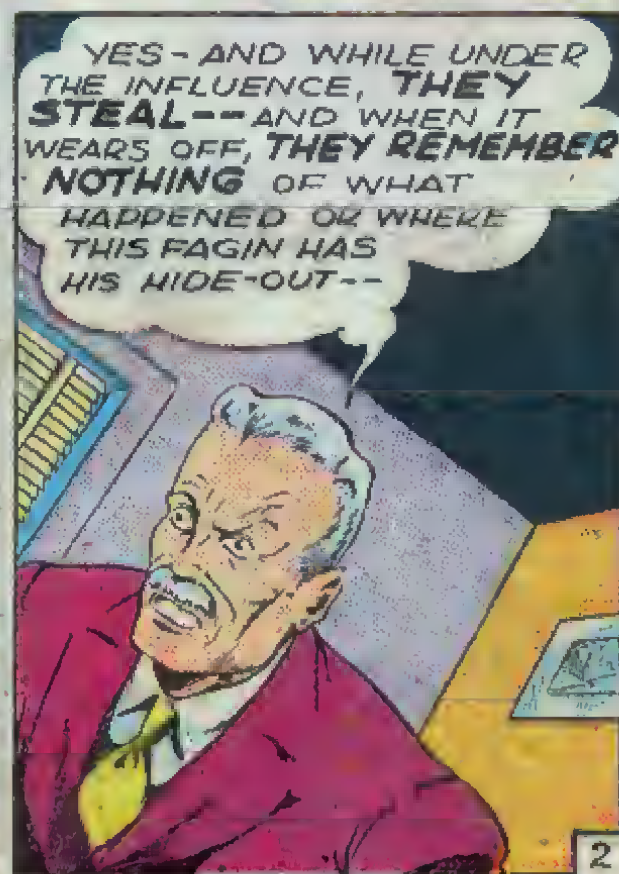
FAKE HANDS-- MAGIC--BAH!!



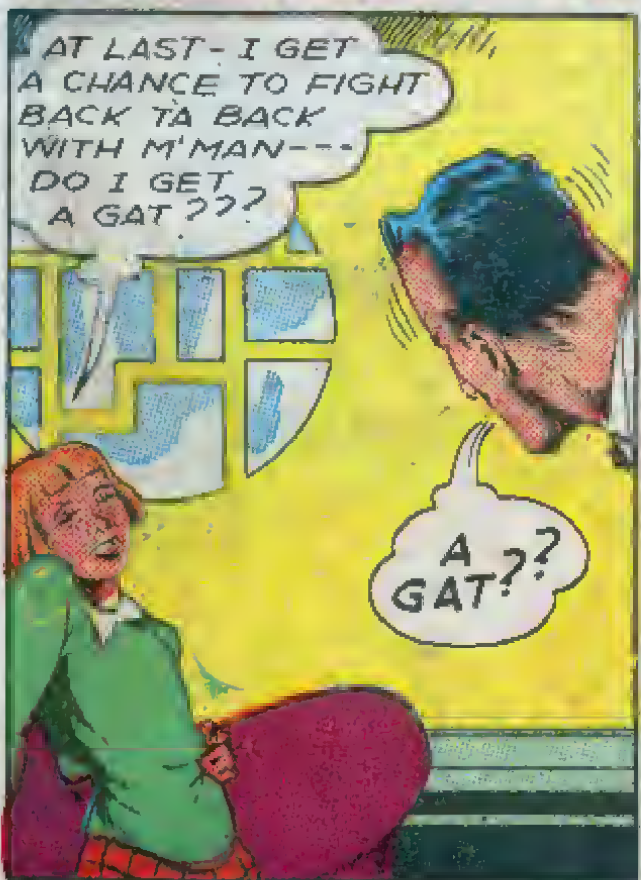
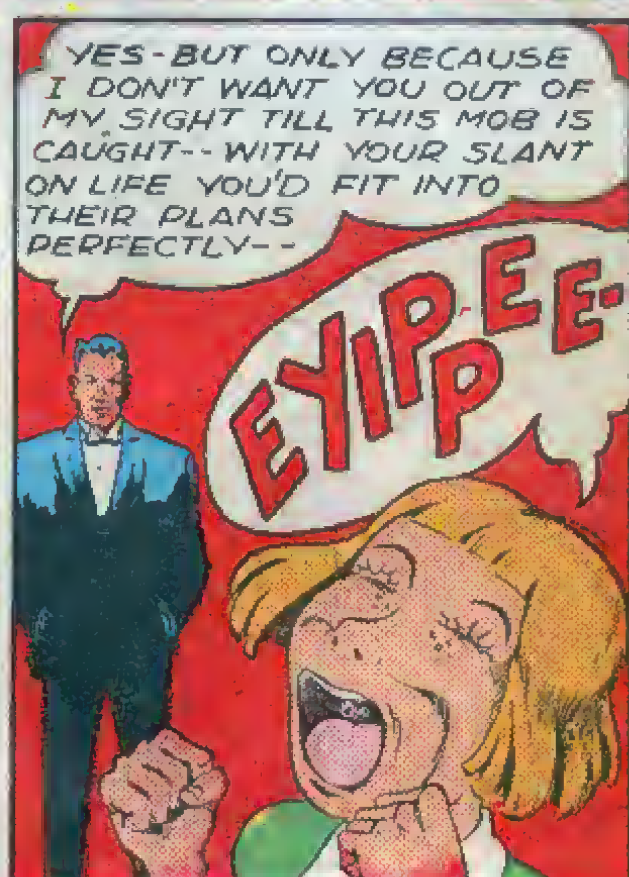
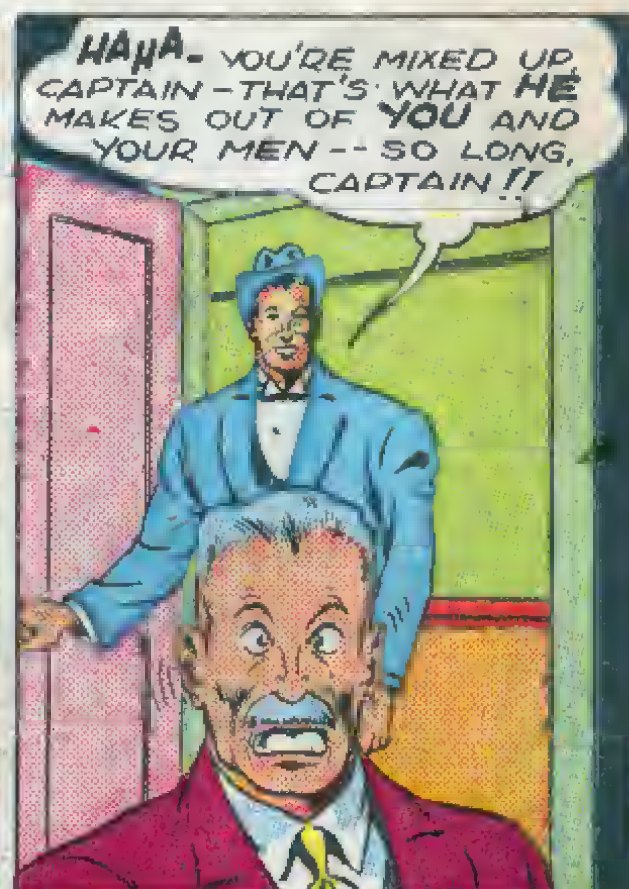
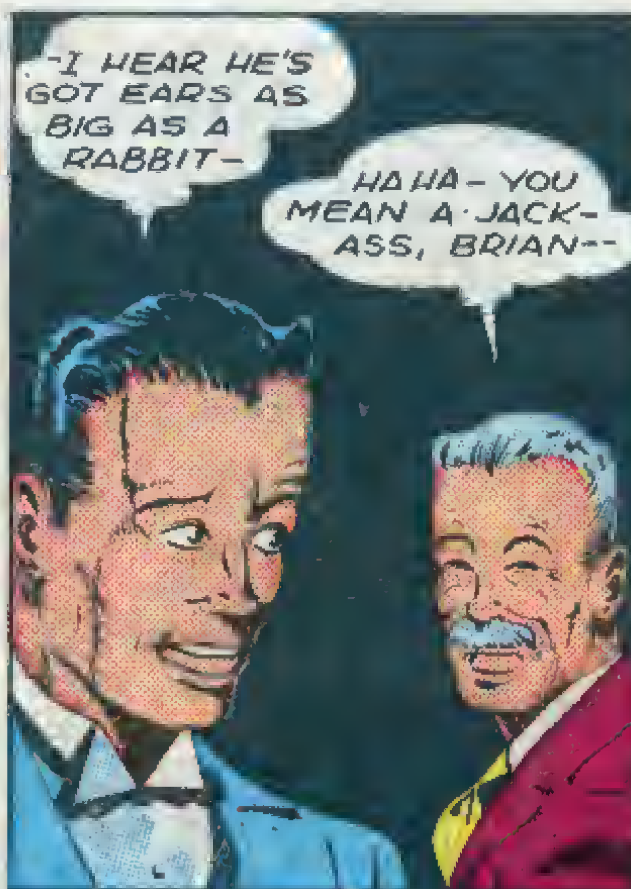
A FEW MINUTES LATER, BRIAN O'BRIEN IS IN CAPTAIN KANE'S OFFICE---

AND IN EVERY CASE, BRIAN, THE DRUGGED CHILD COMES FROM A GOOD HONEST FAMILY---

SO, THEY'RE KIDNAPPED AND DRUGGED--



YES-- AND WHILE UNDER THE INFLUENCE, THEY STEAL--AND WHEN IT WEARS OFF, THEY REMEMBER NOTHING OF WHAT HAPPENED OR WHERE THIS FAGIN HAS HIS HIDE-OUT--






BUTCH, YOU'RE VERY QUIET - HAVE YOU LOST YOUR TONGUE OR ARE YOU SAVING YOUR BREATH FOR THE SHOW-DOWN--- BUTCH---???

A comic book illustration of a man in a blue suit and hat, smiling, with a speech bubble above him. The background is a stylized cityscape with green buildings and a red sky. The man is wearing a blue suit, a white shirt, and a blue hat. He has a confident, slightly mischievous expression. The speech bubble is white with a black outline and contains the text: "BUTCH, YOU'RE VERY QUIET - HAVE YOU LOST YOUR TONGUE OR ARE YOU SAVING YOUR BREATH FOR THE SHOW-DOWN--- BUTCH---???"

A man in a blue suit and hat looks shocked, with a speech bubble saying "SHE'S-- GONE!!" and question marks around his head.

I'LL BET EVERYTHING I OWN, SHE'S A VICTIM OF THE FAGIN-- IF HE HARMS ONE HAIR OF THAT KID'S HEAD, I'LL---

A man in a blue suit, white shirt, and black bow tie, wearing a blue fedora, is leaning over a wooden fence. He is looking down at something in his right hand. The background is a solid blue color with some faint white lines suggesting a wall or sky. The overall style is that of a classic comic book illustration.

THE RATS - THEY JUST INJECTED AN-OTHER DOOR KID TO MAKE HIM STEAL--

BRING IN THE GIRL NOW- HEH-HEH-HEH.

THE RATS - THEY JUST INJECTED AN-OTHER DOOR KID TO MAKE HIM STEAL--

BRING IN THE GIRL NOW- HEH-HEH-HEH.

OH OH - THAT'S
ME -- I'LL HAVE
TO GO THROUGH
WITH IT --- !
"GULD" !

A LITTLE
DIZZY BUT SHE'LL
SETTLE DOWN
AND DO AS
SHE'S TOLD--

AND IN THE CLOCK'S HOME---

NOT A TRACE OF THAT POOR KID--I'LL SPEND THE REST OF MY DAYS HUNTING DOWN THOSE RATS ---AND WHEN I FIND THEM, I'LL ----

THE SUSPENSE IS KILLIN' ME, BIG BOY- WHAT'LL YOU DO ??

BUTCH!

YOU'RE SAFE - THEN YOU DIDN'T FALL INTO THEIR HANDS --

OH, DIDN'T I---

BUT I FOxed THEM- AND I KNOW WHERE WE CAN PUT OUR HANDS ON THEM--

YOU- WHERE-HOW ?? TELL ME !!

WELL, THEY SNATCHED ME AND TOOK ME TO THEIR DEN AN' INJECTED MY WRIST WITH SOMETHIN'---

THEN WHY AREN'T YOU OUT PICKING POCKETS LIKE THE OTHERS--

I FOOLED EM WITH MY FAKE HAND--

SEE WHERE THE NEEDLE WENT IN--

SO I ACTED LIKE I WAS DOPED AN' WHEN THEY SENT ME OUT, I CAME STRAIGHT HERE ---

AND NOW WE'RE GOING STRAIGHT BACK--LEAD THE WAY, BEAUTIFUL, BUT NOT SO DUMB ---

JUST A MINUTE - I WANT TO GET SOMETHING--

WHAT'S THAT- YOUR LUNCH ??

NO, BUT YOU COULD CALL IT FOOD FOR THOUGHT- LET'S GO !

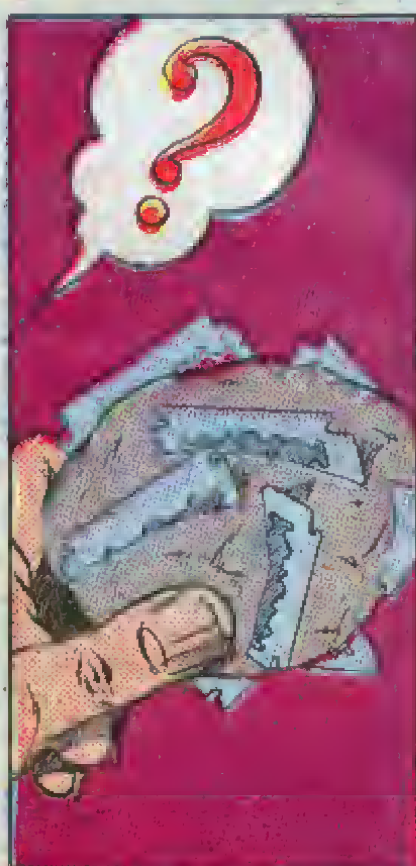
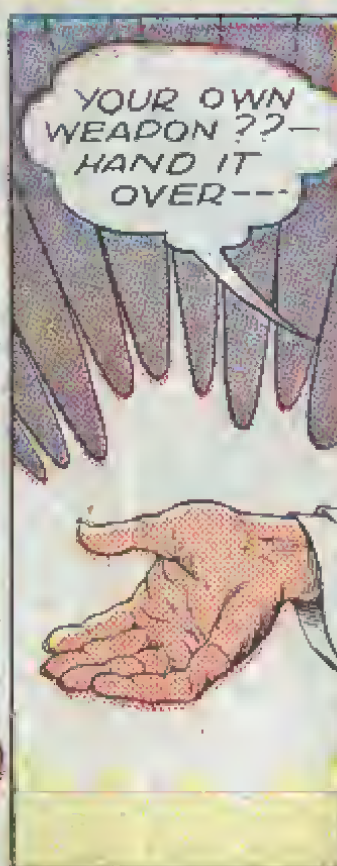
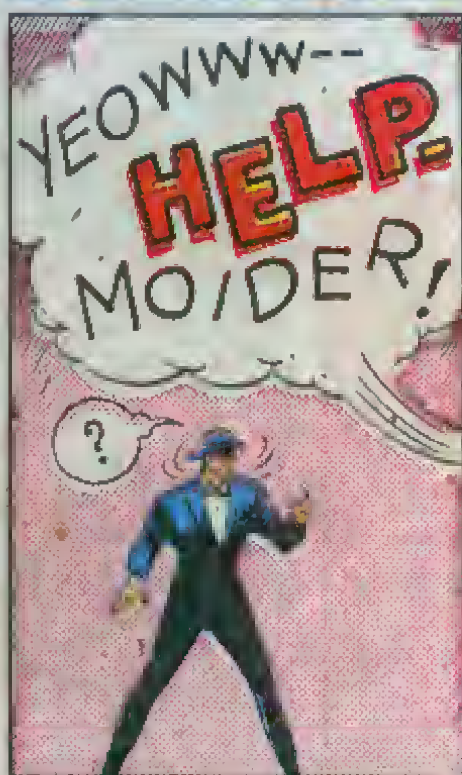
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE TWO ARE OUTSIDE THE FAGIN'S SCHOOL----

AS SOON AS THE CLOCK'S BACK IS TURNED, BUTCH IS THROUGH A SIDE DOOR INTO THE HIDE-OUT---

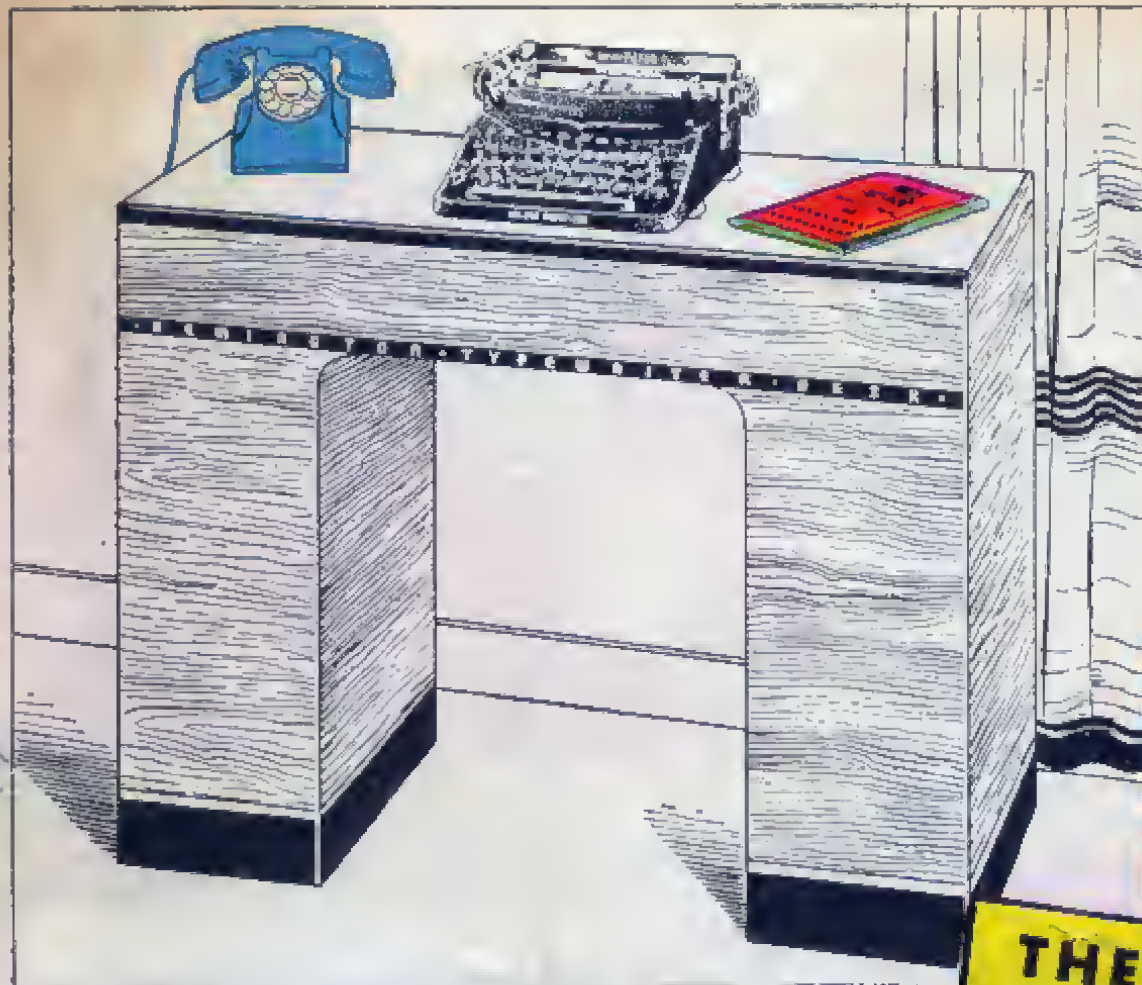
AND THE CLOCK BY NOW IS ALSO INSIDE ----



SUDDENLY----



Watch for the next sensational episode of The Clock.



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THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK

FOR **\$1.00**
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To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

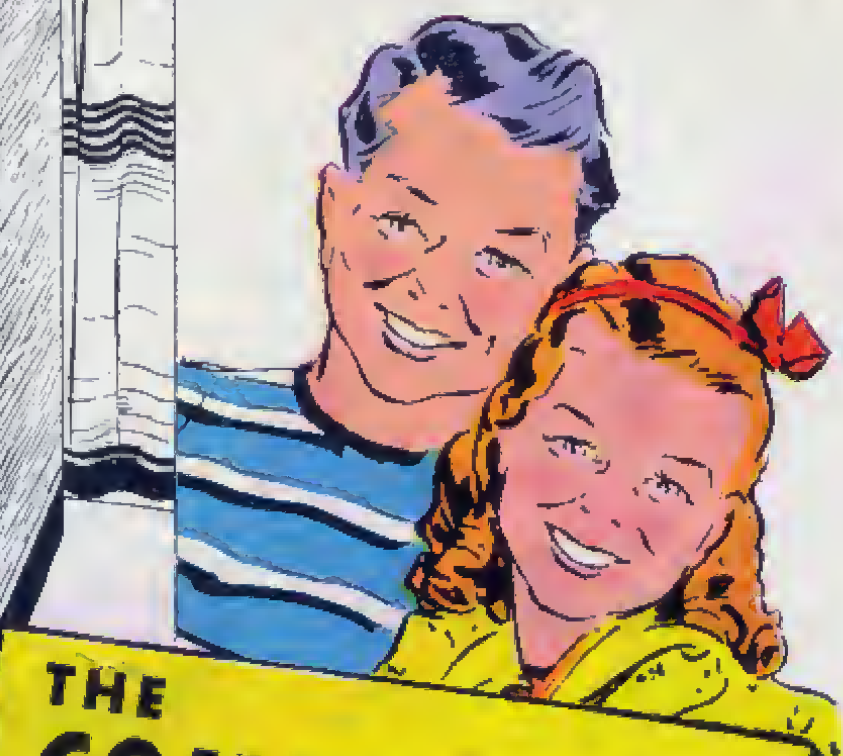
The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

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ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Deluxe Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon; automatic reverse; tabulator; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

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LIGHTNING-LOADER INVENTION!
Twist th' magazine—pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds—then shoot 1000 times without reloading once!

GOLDEN-BANDED BARREL!
Those glittery golden-colored bands 'round muzzle an' fore-piece look mighty purty...like th' gold I used to prospect for out West. You'll be proud of 'em!

SOME SIGHTS, PARDNER!
Raise th' Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range—lower it for short. Small notch for target work—large for snap-shootin'. Th' Golden-Colored front sight reminds yuh of th' Golden West!

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Grab this husky, semi-curved, full length hand-hold—th' wood just "snugs" into your hand and holds the Carbine steady as a rock!

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LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, INC., N. Y.

If you get (or got) money for a Christmas Gift—use it to buy Daisy's famous 1000-shot Red Ryder Cowboy Carbine. Looks, feels, handles like a real Western saddle Carbine. Glance over these features: (1) Carbine-style quick cocking lever; (2) Lightning-Loader Invention, 1000 shots in 20 seconds; (3) Gun metal blue barrel circled by two Golden Bands; (4) Adjustable double-notch rear sight; (5) 16-inch leather thong knotted to Swivel Carbine Ring for hanging to saddle, bicycle or wall of your room; (6) Red Ryder's name and picture on pistol-grip walnut-finish stock. "It's a Daisy"—quality from muzzle to butt. Buy yours now from your hardware, sports goods or department store. If they haven't it (or there is no Daisy dealer near you), send us \$2.95—we'll rush yours postpaid in beautiful colored carton. Duty added in Canada on all Daisys.

DAISY CATALOG and RED RYDER'S SHOOTING MANUAL FREE!

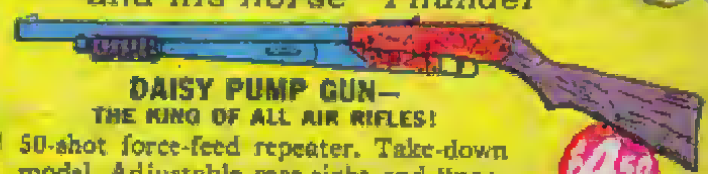
Write quick for Free Daisy Catalog and Free OFFICIAL Red Ryder Shooting Manual. Learn to shoot the right way. Red Ryder shows you how! Write!



PLENTY GOOD FUN SHOOTUM TARGET YOU BETCHUM!

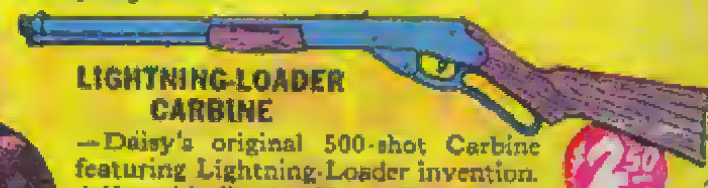
AND I WISH EVERY BOY IN THE WORLD COULD TRY SHOOTIN' MY CARBINE!

Here's Little Beaver, Red Ryder and his horse "Thunder"



DAISY PUMP GUN—THE KING OF ALL AIR RIFLES!
50-shot force-feed repeater. Take-down model. Adjustable rear-sight and "non-slip" grooves on butt of pistol grip, American Walnut stock. Beautifully "gold"-stamped jacket.

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HANGUM GUN ON SADDLE WITH LEATHER THONG. ME BETCHUM BOYS LIKE 'SWIVEL CARBINE RING, TOO!

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